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"TAKE THIS CHILD"

MARY WARBURTON BOOTH

"TAKE THIS CHILD."

SMILING MEMBERS OF THE HAPPY FAMILY AT GORAKHPUR.

"TAKE THIS CHILD"

BY

MARY WARBURTON BOOTH

Missionary

ZENANA BIBLE AND MEDICAL MISSION

AUTHOR OF

"Jewels of the East," "The Sign," "Radiance"

WITH INTRODUCTION BY

MISS AMY WILSON CARMICHAEL

DOHNAVUR, S. INDIA

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Gorakhpur is one of the stations of the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission (33, Surrey Street, Strand, London, W.C.2). Miss Warburton Booth has been a Missionary of the Society since 1908 and has greatly developed this branch of the work amongst the children. She and her colleagues and their work are highly valued by the Society.

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INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE not seen this book, and so feel rather like the blind leading the blind when I say to others, "Read it." And yet I know to some extent what will be in it. I know it will tell of children delivered from a peril so great, so cruel, that no imagination can exaggerate it. Perhaps one has to live in the East for many years, and hear and see and touch many things hidden from the winter visitor, and even from those whose lines are cast where ugly things are not allowed to obtrude, before one can begin to understand these depths of Satan.

So with all my heart I say, God bless this book, and I ask you who read to read as if some little child you loved were here, and in this peril. You cannot care too much. The danger is to care too little, and if you care, what are you going to do to help to save these children from the grasp of the Terrible?

The Gorakhpur Nursery is one of the greatest joys our Father has given to Dohnavur. Ever since the first little temple child was led by her guardian angel out of the temple-house, across the stream and straight to us, we have prayed that the burden of these children might be laid on hearts all over India. Every sixth of the month we pray by name for every great tract of country in India, asking that it may soon have its Nursery, asking too that it may be, not in name only but in reality, all that home (home without the capital letter)

should be to a child. And knowing, as we know, what this friend's work for her children is, knowing her as we know her, we know that for the United Provinces at least, we have the petition that we desired of Him. She and we are one. We stand for the same things. To her and to us has been shown one Pattern on the Mount. Gorakhpur is Dohnavur's first daughter Nursery.

And now, may His loving blessing go with a book written in weariness often; and may He use it as He uses the weak things wrought out in weakness, even the things that are not, to bring to nought things that are. For, and this is our word for Dohnavur too, "In the Hand of the Mighty even a blade of grass is a weapon."

AMY CARMICHAEL.

DOHNAVUR, South India.
July 19, 1926.

"TAKE THIS CHILD."

LOVE, LIGHT, LIFE

What is it, Lord? My heart cries out, all humbled in the dust,
Why do I fail again? Lord, know Thy way I must.
How can I win these souls for Thee? How turn them from
their sin?
The message Thou did'st give to me, I passed it on again.
And in that disappointed hour, He bent o'er me above,
"My child," He answered sweet, and low, "Thy greatest need
is love."

What is it, Lord? My heart cries out, I want to feel Thee near.
The way is long, the night is dark, no moon or stars appear;
I want to find that which was lost and bring it home to Thee,
Good Shepherd, when Thou goest out, oh please, wilt Thou take
me?
And in that dark and dreary hour His voice rang through the
night,
"I'm coming by the cross to thee, for thy great need is light."

What is it, Lord? My heart cries out, as strengthless here I lie,
All meaningless it seemeth so, yet if Thou come quite nigh
I know Thy fullest purposes shall be fulfilled in me,
For oh! my heart it panteth so, it panteth, Lord, for Thee.
And as I lay in stillness there all wearied with the strife,
He came and whispered, "Child, thy need is My abundant life."

Yes, Jesus came, He came to me, down from His Home above,
And breathed into my longing soul His Life, His Light, His
Love.
He took the disappointment there and turned it into praise,
And now He walks and talks with me and stays with me always.
No darkness falls upon my soul, I walk with Him in light:
He gave me love, He poured in life, He answered in the night.

M. WARBURTON BOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

"Take this Child for Me."

The beginning was this wise. We are just missionaries, very ordinary and commonplace; our work had lain along the usual routine and carried on in the usual way. Everything was orderly; the work was regularly done; all the working hours were mapped out, and we lived by them and nothing else. We had very good schools for girls, the Government's inspectors gave an excellent report, and we had a very good grant.

Teachers went to zenanas and taught there from generation to generation. We were welcomed everywhere we went, and the crowds in the villages always gathered to listen to the preaching.

Once every year there was a great day for all the city school children. They came to the compound dressed in their gayest attire and decked with their wedding jewels. It was a soul-stirring sight to see nearly 300 girls, wearing every colour imaginable, their anklets making music as they moved under the trees. Most of them were married, and not one was over eleven years of age.

All was beautiful and in perfect order. The daily round was that we met at 6.30 a.m. for prayer and then went to the city until 11.30—in the hot weather—and in the cold weather we started at 9.30 and returned at 2.30. Nothing was allowed to interfere with that time. There are fixed laws over which we had no control—the Indian name for that law is "dastur."

There is a date fixed when the hours shall change—it is called a dastur. There is a way to do the work. It is called a dastur. Everything is led along and kept going by that one word, dastur. Try to change it, and you will find that you have touched something that cannot be moved. It is a law; it is more than a law—it is a custom. It is even more than the word conveys. That word "dastur" can have the most deadening effect upon the soul. I have seen life sapped out and enthusiasm fade by its pressure.

Before I came to India, I was in Mildmay, the place of soul-winning and continual blessing. We lived by rules there, only it was different. There was life in it, and the atmosphere spoke of abandonment to God.

"There they dwelt with the King for His work" was written on the walls in large letters for all to see, and it was true.

Prayer was as natural as breathing; we met together to pray things through. What was the difference? We were just as devoted as those in Mildmay; we worked just as hard, and that is saying a great deal. We had much shorter holidays and never a rest day. We worked and gave until there was nothing left to give, and then, for the fifth time in five years, plague came. Our schools closed; the zenanas were emptied, the people fled, and the city became like a city of the dead.

The roads were lined with grass huts, made by the people from the plague-stricken city. There they lived, and numbers died. Whichever way we went the dead were carried past us on their way to the burning ghét. Hopelessness was written large over the faces of the people, and they looked grim. We did what we could to help them, praying with them and telling them of the Great Physician and His saving power. They

listened well and took the medicine we gave, calling it the "Jesus medicine." They drank the nourishment provided, and said how grateful they were; and because of what we did for them in their extreme need, they crowded round and asked us to tell them more about Jesus. But that was all! There were no converts! Verily had we toiled all night—and it had lasted five and a half long weary years—and caught nothing!

I was tired to death of hearing others say, "The people listen well." For what is the good of listening if you don't heed? I was heart-sick and weary and down very low when I left India for my furlough, and I hoped against hope that God would never ask me to return to Gorakhpur. The deadness of the so-called Christians, the fruitlessness of the work, the long, long sowing and no reaping were enough to kill any enthusiasm that is not fixed in God.

Once I had broken through all dastur and went off to cross the border. They were weeks of wonderful opportunity, and we sold one thousand Gospels in the language of the closed land, but we knew of no converts. Why? I thought of Mildmay and the way souls are won there. Why was it not the same here? I questioned, and there was no answer. Yet, as I thought long, I knew that Mildmay was steeped in prayer and surrounded by prayer unceasingly. We were there, and there was prayer at every turn; the atmosphere helped in a way that only those who have experienced it can understand.

I went back there feeling very much as those disciples felt when they had toiled all night and caught nothing—only, perhaps, worse. And then I went to Keswick. Now, Keswick has a way of uplifting people and making them very joyful, but it had not that effect upon me. I passed and re-passed such

numbers of young people, and it seemed as if they had got the luxury of life. I wondered what they were going to do, and why they were not helping in the mission field, and when the singing began in the tent and the wonder of "The River Glorious" being like the "Perfect Peace of God" had been sung as it only is sung in Keswick, I selfishly thought, what a good thing it would be if everybody was compelled to serve five and a half years in the mission field before they were allowed the privilege of Keswick. And then we knelt to pray, and I was ashamed of my thoughts.

The days went by and I listened to Bible readings and addresses, and met people with beautiful souls, and joined in much that was spiritual luxury. I thought of Gorakhpur and the long, dead years, and I prayed again—"Lord, send a revival, and begin in me." I had prayed it before, with tears and pleadings, after long, hard days in the heat of the plains, and the only answer seemed a sky of brass, and, because of that, I shrank from returning.

The days of fellowship and intercourse with some of God's choicest lovers were nearly over. It was Friday, and I went to sit by the river to think out things before God, and full of thankfulness for the privileges of those wonderful days, I went to the meeting. What was it the speaker was saying? "We know our God is able to deliver us; but if not—but if not—we are going to trust Him just the same."

I was riveted. "You have prayed for a revival and God has not given it to you, and you are disappointed and cast down. Are you going to trust Him? Is your attitude going to be 'We know our God is able to give us a revival, but if not, we shall trust Him just the same'?" I listened; I knew that God was speaking to me, saying: "Are you

willing to go back to Gorakhpur, even if I do not give you a revival? " and in the hush of the gathering darkness I told Him then and there that I was willing for anything. Revival or no revival, I would trust Him and return to Gorakhpur.

He took me at my word, and brought me back that same year.

THE SACRIFICE OF PRAYER.

God called to me for Sacrifice—
I gave what I could spare—
"No blood is on thy gift," He said,
And as I knelt in prayer,
I heard the still small voice speak to me
"Give—give—give more"—He said,
Give, till thy gifts are deeply dyed,
By life's blood crimson red.
Give, till the giving is true sacrifice,
Real giving is to share.
Thus follow Me,
Thus give with Me.
Give time—give blood for prayer."

M. W. B.

CHAPTER II.

The Prayer that Counts.

I had just over eight months' furlough. I had lived again in Mildmay, and I had visited Keswick, and I was back in the same old place. Nothing was changed. I really had thought to find it different, yet even the pieces of brick lying in the courtyards through which we passed on our way to church on Sunday seemed to lie in exactly the same place where I had always seen them.

I went to the city and the people listened in just the same disinterested fashion—glad to see anyone who will call in the week to make a break in their monotonous lives. I had a message and expected it to be received with joy. But it was listened to with that patient stare that tells you nothing. Sometimes a pupil would say, "I am sure it is true," but when the personal question was put the subject was rapidly changed.

The schools flourished, and we worked harder than ever. Then my senior missionary and friend went home on furlough, and I was left alone. It was then I knew that the situation must be faced and tackled, and it was the accounts (of all things in the world) that arrested me, and I sat down before the Lord.

Every month a certain sum came from the society to us for the working of the station. It was little enough, but it paid the teachers and Bible-women and kept the work going. There was nothing to help any advance, and only just enough to pay our way.

We are in a city and district of four million people, and there is no one else to work among the women and girls. So, as I said before, I sat down before the Lord and asked Him to show me what to do. I knew that I must be definite; I knew that it was no time for generalities; the situation needed a plan as definite as it was possible to be. I knew, too, that the thing would have to be prayed through, and that is the most difficult kind of praying. But praying about the work would not solve the problem of supply. I must have an intelligent grasp of what God wanted me to do. I wanted His will—nothing less and nothing else. I knew that He had one for Gorakhpur, and that I must be in it, and I give myself up to know it, that I might do it.

> So much we miss if love is weak,
> So much we gain if love is strong;
> God counts no pain too hard or lasting to ordain
> And teach us this.

The test was love—did I love Him well enough to wait for Him? I went down before Him, and again I prayed for a revival. But the hindrances to prayer in India are legion. Satan has every device ready to keep you from praying through. The calls are imperative; the climate exhausting, and the insect life so collective that you are reminded always that you have a body and mosquitoes love you and insects visit you. Their hunger is never satisfied. In this damp, humid climate the mosquitoes revel, and they do hinder concentrated prayer. For instance, you kneel to pray, and down comes a mosquito, singing its way along, and giving you a nip as it passes! You start—it is like someone giving you a dig with a sharp, fiery needle. In less than a second it is over, but an irritation remains that takes your attention. Then something crawls from the floor—just a tiny

ant—and you whisk it off; and the irritation of the mosquito bite is still active. You begin again, and another mosquito comes down upon you. The experience is repeated. You begin again; you want to abandon yourself to prayer, and the air is filled with opposition. "The prince of the power of the air," you say to yourself, and you plead for the atmosphere to be cleansed. But the insect life and the climate unite to frustrate all your efforts for real prayer. You are reminded very vividly that you are still in the flesh, and, although these are not often spoken of, they are real hindrances in a life of prayer. Depend upon it, if you are bent on prayer, the devil will not leave you alone. He will molest you, tantalize you, block you, and will surely find some hindrances, big or little or both. And we sometimes fail because we are ignorant of his devices.

I do not think he minds our praying about things if we leave it at that. What he minds, and opposes steadily, is the prayer that prays on until it is prayed through, assured of the answer.

> Satan trembles when he sees
> The weakest saint upon his knees.

But let him see a prayer warrior wrestling with God, refusing to be defeated—then there will be trouble, for—

> Wherever you ripe fields behold,
> Waving to God their sheaves of gold,
> Be sure some corn of wheat has died,
> Some soul has there been crucified,
> Someone has wrestled, wept and prayed,
> And fought hell's legions undismayed.

And I knew that I must pray or fail; pray through or give up. As I said before, it was the accounts that compelled me to be very definite and explicit in my prayers.

PROVE ME.

Get under the windows of heaven,
The richest of blessings are there;
God sends you word they are open
In answer to your deep prayer.
He saw you in long night watches,
He heard your heart-breaking cry,
He noted the tears that were falling,
He feels every sob, every sigh.

Now He says "Prove Me, My children,
"I see the tithes are brought in,
"I see you are counting on Calvary
"To cleanse and to keep you from sin;
"Get under the windows of heaven,
"Bend low, I will pour upon you
"The mightiest, most blessed revival
"The men of this world ever knew."

M. W. B.

CHAPTER III.

On God's Highway.

There were twelve teachers and Bible-women. They had worked in the mission for years; they looked upon me as something too young to be considered.

What they did not say, they declared by their looks and actions. They were the people of experience, settled in their ways, just going on in the ancient way. To them I was a modern woman—very aggressive and asked too many questions!

They did their work; they sang and preached and talked for five days every week, and they came to Bible class on Saturdays—what more did I want? But I wanted souls to be won, someone who would leave all to follow the Lamb, and no one came. I spoke to a missionary I knew, and she answered, "You can't expect people to leave their homes." I said: "They do in Benares." "Ah, Benares," she answered, "is a very different place; there are hundreds of widows who go there seeking salvation; they do not seek salvation in Gorakhpur"; and I began to wonder what was the good of it all. Then I remembered my promise to God, and I looked up and told Him that I would trust Him whatever happened and do whatever He told me to do.

There is a spot near a clump of bamboos on the way to the lotus lake. I have often stood and looked

across the rice fields to the distant villages beyond the palm trees. There is blue in the distance and the lake shimmers in the sun, and somehow that has often been the place where I could be still and hearken unto God. Many problems have been faced there, and if not solved, they have been accepted!

I went to this place with its view of far distances, and as I waited there He brought before me a panorama of something that might be. I asked Him, how? and He put His hand upon my eager spirit and cooled me.

He reminded me of "The Book," causing me to understand that I would find all my directions for His service there. I returned to the compound and the work with a determination to seek until I should find the way of the blessing and soul-winning here.

Of this I was quite sure, that He did not bring me to India just to influence the people; I knew He meant that there was to be a reaping time as well as a sowing time. I was not so foolish as to believe that a farmer goes into his field to influence it; I knew that he expected to reap whatever grain he had sown. So I sent for a quantity of Gospels and gathered the twelve teachers and Bible-women together, and we prayed for light and understanding and then opened our Bibles at Malachi iii.

In my hand I held a letter from "the powers that be" telling me to close some of the work and cut down expenses. I read it aloud to them, and then without a pause read, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse and prove Me now, herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." "Prove Me *now*"; "bring all the tithes."

Over and over again we read until the words had

sunk deep into our beings, and then we asked, "What are tithes? Does any one give tithes? Must we give tithes? If so, how much?" We turned to the "Book" for directions, and there we saw that God's people in olden time always gave one-tenth to the Lord. That was their tithe. Was that what He meant we should do? Could we? Would *we* give a tenth of all we had every month? If it is only ten rupees, it means one out of ten, and there would only be nine left! How could it be done?

We looked again, "Bring *all* the tithes"; "prove me *now*, saith the Lord of Hosts." It was God's voice to us, and we promised to obey. Then we turned to Isaiah lviii. and reading the last two verses, we promised each other before God that we would guard Sunday and keep it holy, and when we had prayed we separated and got on with the work. We knew that we were on God's highway, and when the first of the month came round and the teachers and Bible-women received their meagre pay, there was a readiness and even eagerness to get the tithes paid off, and when we had given it to God we sent it in His Name to the Jews. It was as if a burden had been lifted, or a gate opened that had been fast closed, or a pressure eased; we were lighter, and expectancy took hold of us.

The message in the weekly Bible class was "Ask of *Me*, and I will give *thee* the heathen for thine inheritance," so we went on for another hour and had a prayer meeting. Hope grew until we were as those who live on the watch, and lo! a woman and child joined us. She came at mid-day in the glaring sun; she had been waiting to come and watching for an opportunity, and we knew that we had waited for her. She was sent to us—we were sure of that, and she settled down as only those can who are truly sent of

God; and almost before we realized it another came, and we knew the gate was open.

We gave ourselves up to prayer, and put things straight in our lives as we pressed forward.

Another came and a child was snatched from the brink of hell, and difficulties increased, but, in our hearts was the assurance that the Good Shepherd was with us and He was taking us to the place where He sought until He found and we pushed on with Him.

Before this time, we had known much of the wonder of prayer, for God had given one thousand pounds through one of His special lovers in answer to prayer, that we might have our own bungalow and accommodation for our Indian fellow-workers; we asked for it to be in one round sum and He gave all we asked and more. We knew He cared; we believed He could do great things if only we were obedient to His Word, and the Bible opened out before us.

Another letter came telling us again that the Society was in debt and we must retrench, and in the spirit that is learning to face the impossible, we looked at that letter and then up to God.

He knew all; He saw that letter long before we did and He knew what its contents would mean to us and many others! We knew that He understood, and, what is more, we realized in a new way that He was in control. He was leading; we had not to feel baffled or perplexed, but just to trust Him, and He would lead us safely through. We asked Him to show us how and where to cut down the expenses, and He answered by sending another little girl for us to feed and clothe!

He was plainly saying to us, "Not less, but more; just follow Me"; so in humble expectancy we lived and worked! We reminded Him of the letter from head-quarters in London; we told Him exactly what

we had, and as we waited before Him He gave us to understand that we must use all we had and He would supply the rest in His own way. And in faith we received another child!

It was Sunday; the English mail had just come in; the first letter was from a Scots lassie who had lived here and learnt to love and serve the Lord Jesus before she left us; her father was an official who had retired six months before. She wrote: "I am sending a postal order for five shillings from my pocket money, and I am praying that it may help some other girl to find the dear Lord Jesus, too."

It was our first gift for the children, and it paid for the milk that a sickly child needed. We took it with gladness of heart, knowing that it was the earnest of what He was going to do. Only five shillings! from a little girl in Scotland, given in love and thanksgiving for what the Lord Jesus had done for her, but it gave to us a certainty that the Bank of England could never give—that if we received all *He* brought to us, He would supply all our needs. And He has never failed us. We had our allowance cut down and we trusted the Lord for the rest.

We sent our three little girls to school, and I asked the Lord to give more to me—twelve little people to live here, to train for Him, twelve little people to grow up and become soul-winners to their own people, and that was as far as I got.

The converted women were sometimes very lonely. I saw the comfort the children brought to them, transforming all their outlook and filling their lives with love. Anaikelin told me one day that her heart had become like a garden since Zekkie came, and she was filled with singing!

GOD'S BEST.

There is a peace that comes in life's fair morning,
That speaks of sin forgiven and heart at rest,
There is another peace more than that wond'rous blessing,
It comes to those who seek to have God's best.

The finding place is not by cool still waters,
Nor yet in rooms by kindred spirits filled,
It comes into the heart when on the field of battle,
The victory won—The cannon's roar is stilled.

There is a peace the warrior only knoweth,
Those who in conflict fight on unto the end,
This is the warrior's portion—theirs a blessed victory
With Jesus as their Leader—Saviour—Friend.

The fighting ground is oft a lonely chamber,
For vict'ry won is oft on bended knee,
When air is thick with all the hosts of darkness,
And nought appears to set the captive free.

There is God's best for every overcomer
Who bravely fights and never quits the field,
Who dares to be and do whate'er the Captain sayeth,
And only when they hear His voice they yield.

God's best is theirs who know the power of Calv'ry,
The Cross the sign, Jesus their plea in prayer;
They have a vision clear, and march triumphant onward,
Their song is Peace with VICTORY everywhere.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER IV.

"To You, from Me."

We were just in from Church; it was Sunday evening; a little girl of about seven years stood on the verandah; the sun had set, the lamps were lit, but she stood in the shadow, and I could not see her face. I went towards her, and a beaming face was lifted up to mine.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"I have come to you," she answered. "I ran away last night when it was dark; I crept out and came along the road and across the fields."

"Were you not afraid in the dark?" I asked.

"I was very much afraid, and I carried a big stick. I went to sleep near a house over there," pointing with her chin, "and when the sun came I started again and kept coming until I got here. Some men asked me to go with them, but I said no, I will go to the Bungalow to her."

Her eyes were fixed on me with a questioning expression.

"Please let me stay with you?" she pleaded.

I took her into my arms and into my room, and, bit by bit, she told me why she ran away and why she had come here. I could scarcely believe my ears. "These things happen all round you," something seemed to say; "she is only one of thousands; help her, let her tell it all out"; and very shyly she

told me all. Then, in utter weakness, we knelt and committed all to Him Who had led her, and she slept in my room.

Early the next morning I took her to the kind collector of this district, and she told him something of her life. He was just starting for camp, so he said, "Keep her until you hear from me," and so she settled down, or appeared to. But several times she slipped her hand into mine; I felt the tremble as she asked, "You will let me stay for always—will you?" and there was anguish beyond tears in her voice. She had tasted the lowest dregs of suffering; her little body bore marks of burning, where the man who called himself her father had held matches to her to bring her to submission. She had held out against him, so cords were used to tie her down.

She was to be trained for an immoral life; she could sing; she was learning to dance; she knew how to turn her eyes upon you in such a way that it was impossible to refuse her request. She had suffered unspeakable things, and there was something in her that caused her to flee from that life. Whether it was the hymn she heard, or the smile she got when we met in the distant village school, I know not; I only know that she was brought here by an unseen hand, and we accepted her in the name of Jesus.

This little girl, who had suffered, and yet was not conquered, dropped into the life here quite naturally, and we knew instinctively that she belonged. Bit by bit all her story was unfolded to us, and we wondered how she could have borne it all, and, more wonderful still, how she could have got away from it, and we waited to see what God would do. She had been with us for ten days before anyone came after her. Then the man, from whom she had fled, arrived. His coming was a hurricane, a blast in a

storm. We stood on the verandah listening to the tirade.

"You have bewitched her," he said. "You have caused a spell to spin over her. You will have to pay thousands of rupees for her. She is my valuable property. You have bewitched her," he repeated. "You cannot have her," he stormed. "You are keeping her against her will," he screamed at the top of his voice, and a crowd gathered. "Let her come; she must come," and more people joined in the noise.

"All the doors are open; she may go to you if she wishes to."

The crowd looked threatening. I called the child. She ran forward, but when she saw the man, she gave one terrified scream and turned to go back, but I called her forward and told him to ask her to return. She clung to me like a frightened bird, and he stormed and swore, declaring that he would bring a summons against me for bewitching her, and away he went with some of his confederates.

The police came the following day to ask questions about the child. A much-bedecked and important official he was; the gold fringe on his puggerie literally shook sunbeams as he stood and talked with me just inside the compound.

"You have a little girl here?" he questioned.

"Yes, we have several," I answered.

Then, trying to be mysterious, he spoke of a little girl who had been bewitched and enticed away from her father! Did I know of such a one? I told him that we had a little girl who had run away from a certain house, and if he cared to ask her himself, she would answer his questions. He looked amazed as I called her, and she ran forward, unafraid and not the least bit shy. He asked her how she came and why, adding, "You will have to return to your father."

She stretched her little body to its full height, and answered, "He?—he is *not* my father!"

"Not your father?" The police official raised his eyebrows. "Not your father? He says that he is."

"He bought me for twenty annas," she replied. "He bought me from my mother."

"When?" asked the official.

"Many days ago. It was when I was much smaller. After my father died, my mother went on pilgrimage to Benares, and Adjudie, and Gaye, and many places besides. The priests said that she would get peace if she gave me up, but my mother loved me very much; she said that I was all she had, so she kept me with her. She gave some of her jewels to the priests in Benares, and she sold the rest and all the bartans one by one, until there was nothing left. We went a long, long way; my mother's feet were very swollen and bleeding, and when we got to the place where that man lives he said to her, 'Well, woman, have you got peace?' and she answered, 'No.' He told her just what the priests had said, that if she gave me up to the gods she would have peace, and he offered some money for me, but she refused it.

"We were very tired with the long pilgrimage, and when we had no money and nothing left, he came again and talked much with my mother, and we went to his house and he bought me; he gave twenty annas for me. He is *not* my father."

"And your mother?" questioned the official.

"She died," bluntly answered the child. "She died two days after he bought me!"

The official went away to write it all down for his superior officer, and a few days later the "head of affairs" came himself.

As he is known as a man "without heart," we did

not expect help from that quarter, but we called the child in again, and he questioned and cross-questioned her in a stern way that would have frightened most people, but she was perfectly calm and clear in her answers. This man had bought her; he was not her father; he was teaching her to dance and sing; he was going to sell her for a big price; he had caused her such physical suffering that she could not go back to him. And the stern "head-of-affairs" fixed his eye upon her. "You will not go back?" he blurted out; "but this man says that he is your father, and he may compel you to return."

Then, for one moment, the little body shuddered. The expression on her face was just "terror"; her eyes stood out; she breathed heavily, and bit her lips; she gave him one swift, terrified glance, and then her arms dropped, and she stood like a prisoner condemned to death—helpless and hopeless, her head bowed in silence.

The official who was reported to have no heart, turned to me; there was something in his eyes that told its own story; he simply said, "I could not stand that; I will do what I can," as he went away.

Again the child slept in my room, or tried to. I think the terror of the "might be" had so gripped her soul as to cause the continual turnings and sighings all night long. We prayed again at midnight, her little hands placed in mine to steady the trembling. When daylight came she was bright and ran about with the others, but now and again she asked. "You won't send me away, will you?" And so the days passed until we were summoned to court.

LIFE'S LESSONS.

I should never see the twinkling
Of the stars above my head,
If the darkness never gathered,
And the daylight were instead.
I should never note the sunbeams
If no shadows came my way,
I should miss life's richest lessons,
If I always felt it day.

But the richest and the purest
And the sweetest songs down here
Were learnt in darkest midnight,
When the heart was full of fear;
For 'twas then that Jesus touched me,
Whispered words so low, so sweet,
That my heart responded to Him,
And my will lay at His feet.

If I knew nought of earth's sorrows,
Never had the weeping eyes,
How should I learn to comfort?
How to fully sympathize?
If I dwelt in ease and pleasure,
Living in a sunny land,
How should I know the darkness?
How should I understand?

How should I know how to help them?
How should I learn what to say?
If the Master had not led me
By that very self-same way?
Jesus leads us through the darkness,
Jesus leads us for His praise,
That we may be helping others
Just to trust Him all our days.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER V.

A Fight for a Child.

There are days that stand out in one's life like boulders in the pathway; they present difficulties that seem to block progress. We cannot get through them; we may go over them or around them, but the boulder remains exactly where it was, unmoved, and immovable. It is a fixture, and marks a certain spot where we were one day.

The first day in court will ever be remembered, for I saw for the first time something of what it would mean if little girls were saved from lives of peril and unspeakable suffering. Satan held sway. "They are mine," he seemed to say, "and you shall not touch them." I looked around at the crowded court, and I knew that only a miracle would keep that child from the hands of the demon who clamoured to get her. I learnt too, for the first time, by what I saw and heard that day, of how difficult it must be to exercise justice in India, for it is so easy to buy a witness.

A man came forward and poured out a volume of words that were staggering in their bare-faced lying. He had been paid to say those words. He knew nothing of the value of truth; he simply stated what he was told to say.

One after another came forward, and it seemed as if we were losing. Hour after hour that long, hot day we waited, and when the evidence was gathered

together we were told to return on the morrow, and the man was to bring more witnesses.

We had no lawyer. We were very simple; it had not entered into our heads to engage one. We just had our own simple story to tell, and that was all. No—not all, for we knew that we were in the hands of God, and we were sure that He could deliver the child into our hands for ever, if that were His best will, and we read, "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." He certainly had brought her to us, and yet, in anguish of soul, we returned to the Bungalow to wait for another day.

It was when the day had gone and a soft haze was over everything, and the evening star was shining overhead as I walked in the garden, apparently alone—but I am sure that God walked with me. I had nothing to say; I could only feel. He Who came to seek and to save that which was lost and, having found it, just carried it home rejoicing, put a song into my mouth, and I began to praise and rejoice with Him over the many He was finding and carrying along—and, suddenly, I realized that the child was ours. It was as if He put her hand into mine, and said, "Take this child for Me, and when I return I will repay thee." And with this assurance we all gathered for evening worship.

The following day began where it had left off in court, and everything seemed against us. I don't know where the witnesses got their stories, but they had a great deal to say, and, having done all, they stood back, while a very intimate friend of the man who fought for the girl came forward. Yes, he knew the man; had known him all his life; he knew the child, too; had seen her playing about; he remembered her coming.

"Is this man the father of this child?" quietly asked the magistrate.

"He is, verily," answered the witness.

"Can you prove it?" asked the magistrate. His voice was quiet and as clear as a bell in the night. It was heard in every corner of the crowded court. All hubbub ceased; all heads were bent forward in eager listening.

"Will you prove it to me?" rang over the whole assembly. I looked round just once, and saw the laughter and jeering of the enemy. I believe the devil himself was laughing at us. We seemed so helpless. Who were we that we should stand up against such a crowd of men? Their very presence in court spoke of their evil intentions and their interest in a traffic among women and girls that only the devil could have engineered. A little white-clothed figure stood about three feet from me. Had she been nearer they would have said that I had thrown a spell over her, and she was not free to give her own evidence.

The magistrate looked towards her, questioning, and pointing to the man. "Do you know that man? Is he your father?"

A low murmur was heard in the benches, while the little girl clothed in white told that great man the story I have written.

The man who wanted her fixed his eyes upon her and looked just *hate*, then, when she had finished and the great man turned away, his face wore a sarcastic smile.

"You have heard what the child says?"

"I have, your honour," said he; "but surely you will not accept what she says. She has been told to say those things. I have proof that it is untrue." And the witness who was to confute all we could do or say stood to speak.

"I am from the village at the end of the good road. I have known the father of that girl for many years. I can prove that he is her father."

"Where is your proof?" asked the magistrate.

"My proof is this," answered the man, and, leaning forward, as if he was eager to compel acceptance of his statement, he said, "I know that he is father to the child because he has fed and clothed her and has taken trouble to get the singing and dancing done."

"Is that your proof? Will you explain?" and the patient magistrate heard this—"If your honour took me and fed and clothed me, your honour would be my father and I should be your son."

For the space of about thirty seconds, that seemed like so many minutes, there was dead silence in the court.

"If I took you in and fed and clothed you, I should be your father," quietly repeated the magistrate, and his look spoke volumes. "Is *that* the witness you bring?" he said to the man of the child. Then he turned to his papers and read aloud what he knew to be true, and for one brief space the mouths of them that speak lies were stopped. The court is not the usual place to hear a homily, but we heard one that day.

The man stood alone, his head down—defeated in this case—and the magistrate spoke words that were piercing his hard heart.

Then he turned to us, and all his father-heart was in his voice when he asked the child where she would like to go. She came nearer to me and answered softly, "With Mamajee." And then his voice rang once more over the court. "Write out the papers that shall say this child is handed over to-day," and to the man he said, "Go and mend your ways." And we came home marvelling at the manifest way our God was working for us.

That is how we began this work. I felt no special call; the need was there, and the family of over one hundred has been brought through much that is untellable. I did not even seek this work; it was thrust upon me, and I could not get away from it.

"Who gave you permission to gather children?" I was asked once, and I could only answer as I do now—"No one gave me permission; the work was thrust upon me by God, and the doing of it has brought to me what nothing else could have done." There is a wonderful joy in recognizing what is His will for us and perfect peace as we do it.

We have learned that the pathway of blessing is by concentrated prayer, and the way that leads to the place where souls are won is found upon one's knees. There is nothing like knee drill for giving strength to the soul. Prayer is the most fruitful work; it is the most direct way to another soul. There is no limit to our possibilities if only we give ourselves up to prayer and be led in the Spirit to that life of prayer that always asks according to His will. That is the time and place where we may ask what we will and it shall be done unto us.

THE END.

What shall I say when the last morning breaketh?
What will it be to have done with care?
What will it mean to leave all behind me?
Not singing of Jesus,—but, being with Him there!
What shall I think as I look o'er the journey?
How seem the work I have laboured to do?
How will the life so brimful of plannings
Tell through the glory, eternity through?

Will it bring joy to look back then? I wonder!
Will it seem best to have toiled year by year?
Will it seem worth all the heartache and burning?
Anguish of spirit and times of despair?
These were my thoughts in the quiet of the evening,
Weary of fighting and too tired to pray—
Then, like a breath a stillness came o'er me,—
"Jesus drew near," at the close of the day.

Touching me gently, He answered my questionings,
Resting my heart with a new sense of love,
Breathing His life right into my spirit
Earth semed to vanish! I was lifted above.
Jesus drew near and held me and whispered—
"Child, down below there is sorrow and care—
Hard toil and work, but the greatest achievements
Are only yours, as you bathe them in prayer.

"Pray with more love, and love with more praying,
Work is not all My great plan for you.
Work—but let it be just what I give you—
Pray—in the Spirit and souls will be won—
Love—and the angels will join in your service,
Bringing you joy when the work is all done.
All, all is well if praying and loving
Go hand in hand in all that you do.

"Pray, work and love, and love with praying,
I will win souls—win them through you."

M. W. B.

CHAPTER VI.

"DIAMOND."

SHE was in peril! She had tasted some of the sweets offered, and they were as bitterness in her soul! She shrank from further contact; she would not go the way the old woman she called Dádee asked and planned for her!

She must get away, somehow—how?

The Dádee was on pilgrimage—Diamond was with her. Mile after mile they trudged along, visiting temple after temple—on—ever on—always on, and then one day Dádee revealed her plans to the child.

She was going to leave her in one place—the name was given. Her life of wanderings over, she would settle to live with other girls like herself, she would learn dancing and singing, and someday—maybe—she would be the chosen one for the highest place in the festival! The things that please the eye were brought before her—she was but a little girl; what girl does not love pretty things?

She was told that there would always be beautiful sarees and plenty of jewels, and she would dance for joy among the flowers—crowds would go to see her, and there would be no more anxiety about food.

Dádee had it all fixed in her mind, and the gods would be pleased; she added, "I have made all the arrangements!"

To the surprise of the old lady, Diamond was stubborn. "I will not go there," she said, "I cannot

go—I will not stay if you take me ; I know what they do there, I will not go." Dádee said " *You will.*"

So they started, and a very unwilling little girl dragged wearily along.

When they arrived at their destination, women were ready to receive and coax her into willingness, and at last—she yielded !

It was a big house in the middle of the bazaar. There were many rooms and an upstairs with a balcony overlooking the street. A big courtyard opened off the inner rooms with a verandah all round, and beyond that, a garden with oleanders and palms. Two peacocks strutted about, and sacred cows enjoyed the liberty that is theirs in India.

When Dádee and Diamond arrived, two women, very much bedecked with jewels and flaring coloured garments, were jesting noisily with each other, and talking loudly to attract the passers-by.

They called from the balcony above as the old woman and little girl entered the doorway.

Dádee answered by a nod.

Very soon the two pilgrims were surrounded by the family inside. Beautiful girls, wearing coloured sarees, jewels and lace, came forward to greet Diamond, and she was soon made to feel that she was wanted there.

Three darling little babies lay in the sunshine, while women polished their brass and stood them against the wall where the sunshine caught the glitter.

" Come and sit with us," said one, who seemed to be the head there. " Come," she called to Dádee. They squatted together on the edge of the verandah and talked in low whispers.

" It is all right," said the woman, " she will settle down, leave her to me." And the old Dádee turned her cunning eyes on the treasure she had brought

"She liked not the thought of this life, she was loth to come," said Dâdee.

"But thou did'st compel her, it is well she knows that it is best to obey," answered the woman. "She will have sarees of silk and ornaments of gold to wear, and that would make happiness anywhere!" She continued: "Ah, and her face is right; she is fair, her eyes they speak of sadness, but that will change when she sees the glory she will have; it is well thou did'st bring her." Looking towards the child, she added, "She will stay, and two days from now, thou wilt go!"

"And the price?" muttered Dâdee.

"Did not I tell thee before? The rupees will be gathered together and put into thy hand, and, when thou art ready to leave"—then Diamond drew near, and heard part of the agreement, and her mind was troubled. She left the women, and in response to a call from a girl wearing a crimson silk saree covered with tiny golden stars, she went into the garden. They wandered about, picking flowers, while the crimson-sareed girl pelted her with questions.

"You are going to stay, aren't you? I know what you will become, you are just the one we want, you will dance so—." Stepping on one side, she threw her head back, lifted her arms into a stiff position, bent upwards from the elbow, her hands opened wide as if she were doing this to show the palms to the onlooker.

"There is much to be gained by this thing, but it must be learnt first," she said, "Come, let us away."

Others joined them, and as they passed a room in the inner court, Diamond caught sight of a little girl whose limbs were responding to the sound of a stringed instrument, played by a man squatting on the floor. With very quick and light steps she ran backward

and forward, her head bent backwards ; the musician spoke to her, she stood still, put a foot forward, both hands on her hips, and turned her head half-way round.

The musician spoke again, and the little head was turned back slowly. Over and over again this exercise was repeated, and then she stood erect, and began to sing.

Diamond was riveted to the spot, while the girl sang on. When it was all over she gave a little twist of her body, bent towards the musician, who addressed her in very familiar words, and she came out to meet her companions.

Another went in to practise over her items, and then they all danced and sang together. "It means money, very much money," said one of them to Diamond, and she drew nearer to them.

The following day she was initiated into her life-to-be, and the glamour caught her. She was quick, and found it easy to learn, so everybody was very pleased with her. Her body was bathed and rubbed with oil, and her hair that hung in natural waves was arranged in a number of tiny plaits and pinned in a mysterious way round and round her head like a plate. This was a preparation for the jewels that were soon to adorn her to enhance her beauty.

She took to the dancing, and loved it. She learnt their songs and sang them. She was told that soon she would be called out, and if her dancing pleased the men, she would perhaps get one hundred rupees, perhaps fifty, "but we shall see," were the words that ended their intimation to her.

Dádee was living near-by, for the money promised to her was not forthcoming, so she waited patiently through the months while Diamond was learning the ways of this life. She sometimes went in to see the

child, but she no longer pleaded to be taken back, she had settled in, and they talked of the riches that were before them.

The woman who promised to pay rupees for the child, wearied by the daily dunning for the money, at last said: "See what we do for her! Look at the beautiful and expensive clothes! Look at the jewels she will wear!"

"All hers?" asked the grasping Dádee.

"She will wear them on occasion," said the woman, and clenching her fists she turned round, adding, "When the child has earned one hundred rupees, thou shalt have fifty," and with that she disappeared.

It was the time of weddings; every night was full of noises, instruments were blasted through the darkness, drums were beaten, tom-toms were tom-tommed, rasping singing sometimes rent the air.

Marriages were daily occurrences; dancing girls were kept busy, for this was their harvest time. A day was fixed when Diamond should make her first appearance. Hopes ran high. She was so very attractive. She had learnt her lessons, and those who understood said that she would bring great wealth by her beauty and alluring ways.

When she sang, it was abandonment to gladness: when she danced, it was as if her feet danced for joy. They voted her a big success before she had one public appearance. And then she was told that on a certain day she would be taken to a place, and some time that night she would dance and sing, and take her first earnings!

She was all excitement, and very proud of the fact that her first appearance would be in the courtyard of a wealthy land-owner.

At last the day arrived when she started out with those who possessed her, and the band. They

reached their destination at nightfall, and went into the enclosure to prepare for the evening festivities.

At 10 p.m. the band began to play, and two women danced in slow movements, then they warmed to their work and whirled round and round, their full skirts making wheels, and their heavy jewellery jangling as they spun round—then they slowed down, and bowed themselves out.

The band played on, while men talked loudly, and women hidden behind chinks on the upper storey watched the scene below (they could see everything and everyone, but no one could see them). Presently a little figure in blue gauze and silver glided from a side room; she was dancing as she came. All eyes riveted upon her, talking ceased, a sudden hush, while the bit of blue and silver danced her first dance in public. One instrument accompanied her. The quietness was great, while her bare feet made rhythm with the music. With a spring, she stopped—she looked towards the room from which she had come—a loud whisper reached her—she stood still to sing and being unconscious of herself, she looked all around. Only a few lines, and she stopped. She suddenly realized that the crowd was just one solid mass of men, and the sight overcame her. A loud whisper—still louder, and the child was petrified. The woman who brought her called to her, went to her, coaxed her, but she could do nothing.

While Diamond danced she had not noticed, but how could she stand there alone, before all those men?

Her training had not yet made her bold. She only turned frightened eyes to the woman trying to persuade her to go on with her part, but not a sound came from her lips.

The band began to play again, and the other two dancers came forward, but Diamond was in misery.

They started back the next morning, and no one was pleased. Anticipation unrealized, hopes dashed to the ground, the disappointed woman poured her wrath upon the child who had failed her, and Diamond more frightened than she had ever been before, went into the house, and to the farthest dark corner to sit in her misery, and to ask why it was all so unlike anything she had thought or they had said!

That experience just blasted her triumph. She could not dance, she could not sing; it was as if life that moved in her had departed, and she fretted herself ill.

But the other girls came back full of the times they had, telling of their victories and their gains. And somehow this revived her, and she began again to sing and dance, and was called out like the others. Then it was noticed that she was always the one chosen to go to a certain house, and she danced because she was proud to be the one chosen; and the intimacy grew, until one day she heard something that startled her, and she wanted to flee.

She told the woman that she wanted to leave, but was promptly assured that it was impossible! Had they not spent much on her training? and now she was doing well, and able to command one hundred rupees in one night—to talk of leaving was madness and an impossibility!

But Diamond's mind had opened, and she saw where this path was leading; the evidence was before her every day as she looked at two girl-mothers, and she resolved to get away.

But where could she go?

When she asked to leave, the woman told her that if it were possible to be accomplished, the Dâdee who had brought her would not get the remainder of the money promised, and she felt imprisoned.

But as she thought back, there came to her remembrance of a day long ago. When she was with Dádee on pilgrimage, they met a lady, and she spoke kindly to them—it all came back to her now—how the lady had said: "What a pity it is that the child is not in school." Her eyes had love in them, and she wondered if she could ever find her if she got away!

The hopelessness of her position took hold of her. She did not cry, she just waited. After a time hope came back to her, and one night, after a big thrashing because she could not do well, she saw her opportunity and fled. Over the roads she went, right out of the city, and away over the fields of the country. She soon found herself on familiar ground—then, outside a village temple, she lay down and slept until morning.

As soon as her eyes opened she was off and away, and all that day she walked over again the paths of her pilgrimage.

When night came, she drew close to a village, and asked for shelter from a woman at the well—kind hearts are found everywhere. The woman, scenting trouble, took the girl with her, gave her food and shelter, and before the rest of the house were awake the next morning, Diamond was on her way.

She felt sure that she could reach the kind lady that day. At mid-day, she begged food in a village she passed through, and just before the sun set she saw the very place she wanted, and when she got to the gate there stood the lady she had come to see!

No one would have recognized this gaily-dressed girl as the little pilgrim of a year ago, but when she had told her story, there were tears in the eyes of the listener, and she took her into her arms and home, and after a good meal, she slept without fear in the place where she would be!

Diamond settled to stay there, and the lady told her

about the Good Shepherd seeking, seeking, ever seeking, until He finds that which was lost—and she was entranced.

Good food—safe shelter—no fears now—and the girl began to live healthily. Days passed into weeks, and she stayed on. Then something else must be arranged, for that was the bungalow to a boys' school, and it would be impossible for her to stay on, so the lady wrote to me, and one day—it was the day before Christmas—she was brought here, and you know how she arrived. I have told you in another chapter. She was the answer to our Lotus' prayer.

" What are you going to do when you are older ? " I asked her one day, not long ago.

" I want to be a nurse in hospital," she answered.

And in preparation for that she is now doing little kindnesses and helping others, and, some day, maybe, she will get her heart's desire.

She is full of character and determination. One day, when she had been with us over a year, old Dádee appeared. She had traced her out, she said. She was carrying her old pilgrim-bowl, and wearing the colour the Sadhus love. She looked like some old woman dropped out of a picture. Diamond fell on her neck and kissed her, and they both wept together. Then her old eyes wandered over the place, and holding the girl back from her, she said, " You look happy here."

" Yes," briefly answered the girl.

" Not a pice did that bad woman give me. I left to search for you ; she said that you had failed. But you are happy here. Stay here now, and, maybe I too will come some day." " Stay here," she repeated, " I will come back. Those people shall never know where you are ; stay—I will come back—No ! I will stay now."

But after a few days she was off. She sometimes comes for two or three days, and then is away again on her wanderings. Diamond talked to her about salvation, and sang to her of Jesus' love, and the old woman listened, but she came to me saying, "I am too old to change now; I shall go on pilgrimage until I lie down for ever."

There is a wistful expression as she goes away, and we are praying that the Holy Spirit may open her eyes to see that she is not too old for salvation.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

To stretch my hand and touch Him,
Though He be far away;
To raise my eyes and see Him
Through darkness as through day;
To lift my voice and call Him—
This is to pray!

To feel a hand extended
By One Who standeth near;
To view the love that shineth
In eyes serene and clear;
To know that He is calling—
This is to hear!

To tell Him that I love Him
The more as days go by,
To lift my hands to touch Him
As in the dust I lie,
To sigh my heart's deep longings
The words I cannot say,
To look up through the mist clouds—
This is to pray!

To read the love untiring
His Word has made so clear,
To feel His hand extended,
To know He's ever near;
To know His heart is yearning
To take away all fear,
To raise my eyes and see Him—
This is to hear.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER VII.

Launching Out in Naked Faith.

The situation had to be faced, the decree had gone forth from the London office, five thousand pounds must be cut down, and every missionary knew that something drastic had to be done.

Every station was living on the lowest minimum possible; there was nothing to be done except close down work, and that was the most difficult and the last thing we could brace ourselves to do. "If a station must be closed, why not yours?" we ask ourselves, and I have never yet seen the missionary who was willing to give hers up. Anything but that, any suffering, any self-denial, any pinching and squeezing to manage, anything and everything but that. Yet, someone must, and a certain station was named. It was a heart-break for the missionaries there; they were sure the blessing was coming though it was long delayed—how could they give it up after years of sowing? They would reap if they stayed there. Yet something must be done—What?

I sat before the Lord, and as I waited there, He said: "My sheep hear My voice, and they follow Me."

"Yes, Lord," I answered, "speak, Thy servant heareth." I held me still before Him, and there I saw that this call to retrench was not what it appeared to be. We were thinking in terms of a mission or an organization; we were forgetting that God asks for

organism, and we are made up of members, each one having a special undertaking in this call. We could make it personal or not. Yet, if His sheep do hear His voice, then there must be a personal responsibility, and I said, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

What He tells me I will do,
Where He sends me I will go,

are words that can be glibly sung, and have little meaning, but put them in the special love-place in your heart, and everything has a vital meaning. He knows just how much we mean, and He answers according to our sincerity—

Love unquestioning will follow
Love will triumph, love will dare,

were the words of our hot youth. What if when the spring is long past, and summer is over and the autumn of life has begun, we should sing them again? Would they still carry us along?

I say they will, if there has been nothing between the soul and God. The reckless daring of youth will pass away, but we can never get too old to obey God, and He does sometimes ask us to do things that seem beyond us when the day is far spent. Yet, when the step is taken we are surprised that we ever faltered, for His leading always is into a closer intimacy with Himself, whichever way He takes us; and when we reach the open chasm over which we see no bridge, or enter a dark valley where we see no human companionship, He is there, and the desperate situation is a joy to Him, because it compels our hands to cling to His while He holds us fast. He knows the way, and it is well to trust Him.

We got to the place where we could go no further. God was calling us to go another way, and because

it involved one hundred and sixty besides myself, I was afraid—Yes, afraid!

How could I do what He was asking?

I am too old to begin again, I said. And yet I had no rest in my spirit, and never had when I thought of the glory of God and the finance.

I am not even strong, and the step needed strength.

"Perhaps I was mistaken," I said to myself, it is so easy to think that we are doing the will of God when we are just pleasing ourselves, and doing what we feel inclined to do—and I waited.

For over two years I faced that, and when the final call to retrench came, I knew the step must be taken.

"How?" I said to Him.

"Tell me how?" And He showed me that He wanted me to drop all my monthly allowance from the Society, and hand myself and all there is into His hands.

I reminded Him of the fact of things as they are, and He said, "Abram was old . . . Abram believed God . . . he obeyed. . ."

He knew that physically it did seem an impossibility, but He said, in the tenderest tones, "Present your body to Me," and in utter abandonment and obedience I let go.

I could take this step myself, but I could not, neither did I wish to compel others, so I told my fellow-workers and left them to pray about it for one month. Then we would call a special meeting, and each would give her answer. If any one did not feel led this way, she would say so, and I would get work for her elsewhere. No one was to lose by it, nor be anxious. He does not call every one this way, but I felt sure the Lord wanted to prove to His children here that His work done in His way would never lack His resources.

The Society could not send money it did not possess, but God had many channels; had they never thought before Him of what they could do to help?

Was not the shortness a challenge to the Indian Church to take responsibility?

God knew exactly what they could do, and He wanted to reveal Himself more intimately to them.

We talked of Müller of Bristol, Dr. Hudson Taylor, our beloved "Amma" in the South. They did not beg; they had all their needs supplied in answer to prayer; there was no Mission behind them. They knew God and walked with Him.

"You teach us," said Sara, one of our teachers, "we want to learn this way, if you will help us we will go."

The pact was sealed. All—except one—said, "we want this way."

The exception is a very timid little person and rather frightened at such a thing.

Watch how she takes her money, see how swiftly her fingers close over the rupees and tightly clasp them, holding them very close to her breast. You have a definition of her character. To her it seemed a fearful thing to go on as usual and not know how much you would get or where it would come from, and although she asked to live with us we knew that she was not of us.

Yet we all started together and a new spirit came over everything. Those who had always taken everything for granted began to look into things and to ask whether this or that was worth while. A new responsibility gripped them. All the expenses were gone into so that everyone might have an intelligent understanding and grasp the situation—for how can anyone pray intelligently if they do not know the intimacies of the work and the cost of everything?

We dropped the old way and entered the new, and suddenly fear gripped my heart.

Supposing I had made a mistake!

Supposing—suppose all should fail!

I went off to the Bamboo place to be quiet and talk it out with Him.

"I asked for a sign"—if this step was really His best will for us here, would He please send £100 during that month from people who had never sent before? With trembling hands at the end of the month I counted up the figures—£101 : 0 : 0 from friends who sent for the first time.

I still felt frightened when I looked around and saw how many needed food and clothes and education, and all that makes life dear, and being very desperate, for I knew there would be misunderstanding, I asked for what seemed to me an impossible thing—£100 for myself. I knew it was quite a different thing to give to the women and children and quite natural, too, but I knew of no one who would even think to give £100 to me, personally, and because it was the most impossible thing I could think of for a sign, I asked it!—and *He gave* it. Yes, gave it to me in one round sum—a cheque for £100 came for my birthday, and I knew that whatever others may say, or however they are led, this is His way for me. If the Lord Jesus could feed five thousand people with five loaves and two fishes, is it anything to Him to feed and clothe the family here?

The promise runs: "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus"—not out of, but according to—and that is what He is doing for us.

I never dreamt there was such rest of spirit over finance, and this life of utter dependence upon Him leads to an intimacy and a closeness to Him that I

never thought possible down here. Very truly is the life of faith the life of rest. I no longer think that I am in charge of a station or of anything. The responsibility is *all His* and more than ever I am but a slave.

I have no freedom of my own;
I cannot choose the smallest thing,
Nor e'en my way.
I am a slave
Kept to do the bidding of my Master,
He can call me night or day.
Were I a servant, I could claim wages—
Freedom, sometimes anyway—
But I was bought.
Blood was the price my Master paid for me,
And I am now His slave,
And evermore will be.
He takes me here, He takes me there,
He tells me what to do.
I just obey,—that's all—
I trust Him, too.

Deeper and deeper—
Yes, deeper, dear Lord
Take me—according
To Thy written Word.
Fuller and fuller
Would I be of Thee,
So those around me
Feel Jesus in me.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER VIII.

All Needs Met in Answer to Prayer.

It was July, 1914, when I went to Keswick; it is July, 1926, now, and Friday evening of Keswick week! My thoughts go back over the twelve years.

"What hath God wrought?" you ask.

"What difference has it made to your life and work?"

In the first place, I never dreamed of rescue work in India, and my wildest dreams never pictured what is.

Converts from every class have joined us. Little girls have been rescued, and so have half a hundred boys and more. The twelve teachers and Bible-women have grown to twenty-three, and we have proved that God does open the windows of heaven and pours such a blessing that there is not room to contain it, when we have brought all our tithes into His storehouse.

In another chapter I tell how the Lord gave the Bungalow and rooms for our Indian fellow-workers through one of His choicest lovers! When we built the Bungalow we were determined to have a real prayer-room, and on March 31st, 1917, while the world-war was raging, we dedicated it to God. It was His gift to us, and we wanted His Presence to fill every corner, so we spent the day in prayer and consecration with thanksgiving.

The land was another answer to prayer, and we

made the Bungalow to face the sunrising, looking for the Lord to come.

After two years the teachers' and Bible-women's quarters were crowded out by converts and children, so we took over what was meant for servants, and in another two years *that* was crowded out also.

Seventeen women lived in the rooms that were built for six, and we saw no way out but by addition, and making the compound more safe for the family. Then we built a six-foot wall all round, joining it to the side of the Bungalow; this kept us partly open, and they were sheltered from evil people who were bent on destruction! Women must be safeguarded in India!

The prayer-room would not hold us—we were packed like sardines in a box, and overflowed on to the verandah, and still more came, and we looked around for room. A coach-house was built with the Bungalow, to house the rackety garie that took the teachers to work every day. We looked at that, and the stable, and the houses where the men lived, and decided that the only thing for us was to confiscate those buildings and use them for the family!

The stables were cleaned and disinfected and mud-washed, and the floors made pucka with cement. The coach-house likewise received its clean-up, and then we decided to make three Gothic windows in the end wall, and one each side of the big doors, to make it look more like a place of worship! We built a verandah in front, and left the big tar-painted doors as they were; we bricked the floor, and hung blue dosootie curtains to the windows to shade from the sun, and then we had a big rejoicing, and entered our "*Praise Hall.*" We could call it nothing else; how could we when we had so much to praise for? And that is its every-day name. We all could get into it, and we sang and

sang, and the children waved their flags as we praised the Lord with such gladness of heart and voice, that people heard us a long way off.

The stalls, or what we called the stables, are used as classrooms; they have no doors, nor do they need any, they are just verandah rooms. One is occupied by *Makhtul*, who must never try to live in a shut-in place. She came to us about four years ago, a physical wreck, so thin and wasted, and apparently in the last stage of consumption. We could not put her with the children; we had no separate place, so she went into the one next the "Praise Hall" until some other arrangement could be made. She is still waiting, for we feel sure that she is best where she is.

Her husband died when her baby was six months old, and she literally starved herself almost to death. When she became ill a friend told her of the hospital, and took her there, and someone told her to come to us. She settled down, feeling wanted; good food worked wonders with her; she began to gather strength and learned to work, but her heart was not God-ward. Salvation to her was just food and clothes, and sanctuary—she was quite content! But I was not! So I called her to me one day and told her that I did not think this place was for her. I would get a home for her somewhere, and if she told me where she would like to go I would do what I could to help her.

She was astonished.

"This place not for me? Where can I go?" Tears coursed down her cheeks—"I have never had such rest, I must stay here."

I pointed out to her that we are here to help others to get to know the Lord Jesus Christ, that they may love and serve Him.

"Tell me what I must do," she said, "tell me and

I will do it. I must stay here, please do not send me away or I shall die."

I sat with her for hours and tried to teach her daily, but she could not understand that she needed anything—"having food and clothes, she was content"—and yet not quite so, for it entered her mind that she would try to find out herself what she needed, or what we said she needed.

Sundri told her that she was in need of a new heart. Anaikelie said she ought to be born again.

She came to me weeping one day. "Kaise hoge?"—i.e. how can this be? What have I done?—and treating her as a little child, I explained to her how to come to Jesus, and that day she came.

Since then life has changed for her. She still feels the comfort of always being clothed and the satisfaction of a good meal, but they are *not* enough for her any longer; she is as a child clinging to the hand of Jesus and she lives on love; it is as necessary to her as her daily food, for without it she would die.

A hand on her shoulder, a loving look, an extra love thought in the shape of more nourishment, and Makhtul lifts her head and goes on her way rejoicing, and her spirit keeps her going, but we know that the day is not far distant when she will leave us for "the land that is fairer than day."

Her little girl, Chellaloo, is full of life and movement. She pours her wealth of love upon her and enfolds her as only a mother can, for she knows that she cannot stay very much longer with us. She talks about it quite naturally now, and yet, even as she waits, she is ever ready and always willing to do anything she can to help here. I look at her thin face so full of love, and wonder what would have become of her if God had not provided this place for her.

She came to talk with me as I wrote that. You

see how all our houses, and even stables, are filled with the family, and we have built more rooms outside the wall and every one is full. When God gave a thousand pounds for a Bungalow, it seemed as if we had all we should ever want, but He has sent to us, without ever whispering to anyone but Himself, all that we have done since we put the Bungalow up. As the need arose we felt sure of the supply, and He has not failed. More than another thousand pounds have come—not in one big sum like the first one—but as we needed it. He has whispered to some of His lovers to send, and it has always been enough. The money that came direct to us for the children was used exclusively for them, and the same with that for the women.

Nothing has been used for building that has not been given specially for it, and it has always come through those who prayed for us. We have never even told the Society or our fellow missionaries anything of our need. Our Father knew, and He has been gently leading us on until He got us to the place where we were ready to drop all but Him and let Him take full responsibility here.

HAS THE FISHING FAILED?

" Jesus said, Follow Me and I will make you fishers of men.

We have colleges grand and schools by the score,
Where we teach mathematics—fine ancient lore,
And grammar and language, geography too—
Philosophy, science and things that are new,
A lesson from Scripture we give every day,
We hope that some student will thus find the way!
We're so busy preparing and teaching six days
There's no time for leisure, and scarce time to praise.
When Sunday comes round, there's a sermon to preach,
In Urdu or English or some other speech.
So I'm working and working, I work all the day,
And often and often I'm too tired to pray.
What did I come for? I question—I ask,
Over and over as I do the next task.
And sometimes I think I can hear it again—
" And I will make you to be fishers of men."
I know He has called me, I heard Jesus say,
" Come follow Me "—I obeyed Him that day.
Then I came to the East—but what has availed?
" Is it," I ask, " that the fishing has failed? "
Is education enough for the soul?
Oft do I ask—and what is my goal?
Is education, I ask, ask again,
A bait to catch others when fishing for men?
I'm tired of critics, I want to win souls,
Sin so enraptures the men that it tolls—
But Jesus is mightier than Satan and sin,
Jesus—I'm sure has sent us to win.
Have we forgotten our calling? our call?
For why did we leave all our loved and our all?
We're so busy, so hampered with work all the day,
Who? Who will help us? Who, who will pray?
Who, who is burdened o'er souls in their sin?
Ready to do and to dare them to win?
Lord bring us back where we first heard Thy voice,
To follow Thee only, was gladly our choice.
Lord, bring us back to primitive ways
Of trusting and trusting—obeying always.
Lord, bring us back to dependence on Thee
Where absolute sway Thou wilt have, and wilt be
Lord; bring us back where our talents and teaching
Held in Thy hand to the uttermost reaching.
Lord, here we are—here am I, look on me,
Make me a fisher, worthy of Thee.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER IX.

Souls We Want to Win.

"He said unto me: write the things which thou hast seen."

It was Saturday, the end of a very busy week. We were all tired and hot and sticky, so the elder of the company said "Let us go to the river, it will be cooler there."

And so we started off.

Clouds of dust enveloped us, the sky was like brass, the roads were unmade and rough and weary walking ground. Before we arrived at the waterside the sun had been to earth and disappeared, the wind dropped and there was no light to be seen except the stars in the heavens. We groped our way through the gullies and down to the bank of the river to a barge that was moored there. There was nothing on it to make for comfort, so we stepped on the boards and sat like the easterns while we were punted down the river.

The silence was great, and as our eyes got accustomed to the darkness we saw that there were other boats near us. On one side of the river were buildings jammed together right up to the water's edge. It seemed as if there was palace after palace built in tiers, so that the city looked as if it were built on the side of a hill.

Suddenly there was a fearful din: a temple bell began to clang and bang; a light appeared in the

distance, then more noise; the bell had a tone with a head-splitting clang, and it rang on and on.

Our boat drew nearer, the light grew brighter, we saw figures moving in the light—we were nearing the temple of fire worship. Crowded boats were very close to each other and to the temple whose foundations were washed by the river.

"Jumneji ki jai," rang over the waters. Victory to the Jumna, shouted a crowd, and then silence again. We were just in front of the temple then; we could see a crowd of people so closely packed that they seemed like hundreds of heads with every face in one direction. There was a stone raised platform right in the middle, and over this platform was a canopy of carved stone. On the platform stood a young man wearing nothing but a loin cloth. In his hands he held a torch made of about a hundred lights, shaped like a corkscrew. He held it high and waved it in the air, and every face in that crowd seemed to catch the light. A loud, low roar rolled from their voices. The man lowered the torch as if it were too heavy to hold high; the bell clanged again and again, the fire was lifted, the bell stopped and the shout of the people was soul-stirring; then dead silence and every face seemed riveted on the light while it was waved high in the air and then put down on the altar.

With a mad rush the multitude pressed to the fire, put their hands into it, then rubbed their faces into it and walked excitedly around it, while some were frenzied. The whole scene lasted about fifteen minutes; the fire died out, the crowd disappeared in silence, we were nearly left alone, but not quite so. Two temple girls began to decorate the edge of the temple with tiny lights. Priests walked on the parapet. We were just going to land when we saw a shrouded figure come down the steps carrying a tiny lamp. The

figure bent down and put the wee lamp into the river and watched it sail away; then she knelt on the last stone step and kissed the ground, then stood up and with hands clasped in prayer she looked across the water. She was oblivious of our presence. She knelt again. We were close to her—we could see her face, there was big heart hunger written there, her attitude expressed deep longing. Again she knelt and dipped her hands into the water, carrying some to her face. Then she pressed her forehead to the ground and with a big sigh she arose, ascended the steps and was lost in the night.

It is *that* woman that I want you to see; she represents thousands in this land; she is heart-hungry; she loves with a passion we know nothing of; she understands worship, it is her very nature. Have you ever thought what it would mean to this world to win her for Jesus? Have you ever thought what it would mean to Him to have her to live His life through in this land?

Our boat punted up the river in the darkness, and as we sang, "Salvation, *I* have got salvation through the Blood of Jesus, I have got salvation," I felt selfish—selfish to possess what I knew that dear woman had not, and I cried to God to teach me how to share, how to win these beautiful, gentle women of India for the meek and lowly Jesus, and to leave no stone unturned that can make it possible for others to sing with me—"I have got salvation."

Blest Calvary,
I sink in Thee
All that I am
Or know or see.

Instead of "I"
Put Thou the Cross,
Send down the fire,
Burn up the dross.

Here all alone,
Down in the dust,
Oh! Lamb of God,
Know Thee I must.

Weary and sore,
Longing for light,
Lord, touch my eyes,
Give clearer sight.

Look in my heart,
Read there the cry,
Bend low o'er me,
Hear Thou the sigh.

Lord, take my hand,
Clasp it in Thine,
Make me to feel
That Thou art mine.

Then shall the days
Now full of pain
Be to Thy praise,
Not lived in vain.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER X.

For the Sake of the Name.

It was Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, the day after our visit to the river where the fire-worshippers go. The church was crowded, men and boys in white suits filled one side, while women and girls wearing white chedders filled the other.

It was a white-clothed congregation, and made one think of the Blood-washed throng who sing before the throne of God and the Lamb!

There was a solemn expectancy in the atmosphere! Some one began to sing, "Jesu, Thou joy of loving hearts," and, as if a stream had been let loose, the whole congregation joined in and filled the place with music; hymn after hymn was sung, and then the Padre led us in prayer. He saw the King sitting on the throne, and took us into "The Presence": We felt the freshness of the Sanctuary, and the rest and refreshing there.

On either side of me sat two young women wearing pure white sarees; their heads were bowed in prayer, their hands were clasped tightly as if that would help to control their overwhelming feelings. The Padre came to the front of the congregation, and turning to where we sat, beckoned us forward. The congregation rose, we stood before them, every eye fixed on the two women by me. The Padre's voice rang out: "Dost thou renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of this world

and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not follow nor be led by them?"

A very quiet woman's voice answered: "I renounce them all."

Then—silence for a few minutes, and another woman's voice said: "I renounce them all."

What could it not mean? What would it mean to those two I was standing with? One just longs to lie on one's face before God and plead the keeping-power of the Lamb for those two who that day made their public confession.

It was their baptism day. From henceforth they will be separated from parents and home, and relatives; old things, which include Hinduism, are passed away, and behold all things are become new. It is a day of unspeakable joy to them and to us.

"Why do you wished to be baptized?" I asked one of them that morning, and she answered—"Because I want to follow the Lord Jesus truly."

And so, He who had called them and drawn them had made Himself so real to them, that they had literally left all to follow Him. Two shy, gentle, home-loving women, separated from the homes of their childhood, never to return! Truly the Cross is a separating power!

They look on now; they are joined to those "who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth"; they are learning to read and write, and to work for others; they are preparing for a life of service; they need your prayers. Will you stand with them for victory all along the way?

There are no outside helps such as you have; they know nothing about Keswick and Swanwick, and other Conventions for the deepening of spiritual life! They have just heard the call and obeyed. That is all. They came out a year ago, and they want to be real

Christians; they will sometimes feel very lonely, because there will never be a letter from their home-folk, and they will never see them again, unless they too hear "THE VOICE," and follow!

Can you picture them?

When you feel anxious because you have not heard from your sister or mother or child, will you think of these in India, who, for "the sake of the Name," never hear—never! and never will.

Nothing is so severing as the baptism; so will you pray as you have never prayed before, and hold them up before God until you know in your spirit that they are in the Pathway of Victory? Their faces are radiant with the light of the knowledge of Jesus Christ; they have heard, they have obeyed: have you?

In the Shrine of my spirit
He whispers to me,
"I'll do wondrous wonders,
I'll do them through thee."

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XI.

God's Gift to Lotus.

"What are you expecting for Christmas?" I asked a number of the children standing at my window.

"A new sister," the chorus replied, and then began to talk in excited whispers.

There were presents for all, and the Secret Society was in full swing! But they had learnt to pray and expect answers, and although they are natural enough to want the things that please other little girls, they have that added wonder, the longing for others to come and be saved, and they are ready to share what they have with any one whom God shall bring.

I was busy counting out garments and fitting colour to colour of saree and kurta, thinking of the beauty we should see later on when the family played in the garden, decked in the bright-hued garments of pale mauve and soft pink, crimson and gold, blue and yellow, the palest of pale greens and primrose, scarlet and white, purple and lemon colour. The colours cost exactly the same price as drab, and we prefer the beauty.

The children are my luxury and my charge, for somehow I always feel that the Lord will ask me about each one when I see Him face to face.

At one time I seemed always busy with the ordinary, and thinking out garments and food for a family that increases with the months took up most of the days. As I walked around the compound thinking clothes—

garments for little ones, garments for big ones, and garments for those of middle size—they grow so fast, these kittens of ours, and somebody is always needing new clothes—I was saying to myself, "I am always thinking of clothes—always clothes—it seems very mundane, but somebody must do it." I sat down under the "Flame of the Forest" and faced things. Was this why I came to India? Was it worth while, such thoughts, such labour, and so much time preparing clothes for children? I looked towards the Nursery door. Women and children came out to the well. I watched them pump the water; I thought of the grace in each movement, and the dignity as they placed the water-pots on their heads and walked back. The tedlets caught sight of me, and ran across the garden. I noticed the lack of a button on one little suit, a string hanging loosely from another, as they played around me, and I sighed. I forgot their happiness. I only saw clothes, and when Zakie came, looking as if his legs had suddenly sprouted from some pants, I turned away to talk it out with God—and there, just there, I heard Him say: "I was naked and ye clothed Me—inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My children ye did it unto Me."

"So that is it," I said.

From that time clothing has been sacred. It matters whether the colours harmonize, it matters whether the garments fit, it matters what they are like and whether the buttons are where they ought to be—it all matters—everything matters, for we do it unto Him. He sent each child, and as we go forward we remember that He may come any day, and the way the children are dressed will and does matter to Him.

So I was fitting colour to colour and trying to make harmony.

"Do you want any help?" I heard a voice behind

me, and looking up saw the seven-years-old of the beginning of this story, grown into a big fine girl of fourteen. There was nothing about her that told of her past; all the boldness had disappeared, for Lotus had grown into a beautiful Christian girl. She had once printed on a scrap of paper her own glad message, "I will give my 'hole' hart to God for ever," and He Who understood all she meant, accepted her gift, and changed her altogether.

"I want to work for Jesus Lord," she said, as she folded up the garments with me. "He loved me very much," she added; "I expect to have a glad Christmas. I have asked for very much," she continued.

"Oh, I shall be very glad—and, what have you asked God our Father to send?" I questioned. She put the pile of garments down, and with a radiant expression on her face, answered, "I have asked for a new sister all my own!"

"Have you not asked for anything else—I mean, something for yourself?" I said.

"That is for myself," she answered, "I want a sister."

"Do you expect one?" I asked.

"Yes, Mamaji," was her prompt reply.

And so, because she expected an answer to her prayer, we got a blanket out and looked through the things, and a bed was got ready for the new sister Lotus asked for, and the Nursery became all expectation.

I went to the breakfast-table and sat down, thinking over what we had just done, half-frightened at the acceptance of the gift before we got it, and then I talked it out there. Ashamed of the poverty of my faith, I said to those with me, "I do hope you people are praying much, for Lotus will be dreadfully disappointed if she does not get a new sister." Then,

realizing what I had said, I was ashamed of my unbelief, and I left the table to pray for forgiveness.

He said that a little child shall lead them, and it is true. Over and over again the truths we teach are accepted and acted upon while we wait to see, but we are never left behind when we are willing to go forward, and faith rose and expectation gripped us, and we lived on the look-out every hour of that day for the little girl that was to be a Christmas gift for our Lotus. But she did not come. We went to bed refusing to doubt; we had accepted the child in faith, and we dared not but believe that the gift would have arrived by the Day two days hence.

Next morning, as we were preparing breakfast, a note was handed to me. I opened it, read, and went to the door. There stood the new little sister, the visible answer to a little girl's prayer. We gathered her up into our arms, and loved her up to God, and thanked Him for His gift, and then took her to Granny, who was staying with us, and she, knowing all the longings and having joined in the prayers, took the child to her heart and hugged and kissed her until she was dazed by all the love shown to her. We took her into the Nursery, and Lotus, with hands stretched out, took her gift from God. With a radiant face she turned to me saying, "I knew He would give me this—I felt sure He would—and oh, I am so happy!"

The name of her gift is named—a "Diamond."

"NEVERTHELESS AFTERWARDS."

The way from the heart of God to the heart of man
is through our hearts—"He maketh a way."

Hold the plough, dear Master.
Walk right through my heart,
Make the furrows as Thou wilt,
Plough through every part.
Only make my heart a field
Harvest hundredfold to yield.

Furrows, furrows, furrows
Made in days of pain,
Furrows full of anguish
Seeming nought to gain,
Furrows to prepare for seed
All for other souls to feed.

Plough on through deep sorrows,
Furrows for Thy grain,
Leave no ground unturned, Lord,
Then send latter rain.
Sow Thy seed that it may die
In my heart to multiply.

Make my life, dear Master,
Just a field for Thee,
Where Thou mayest always
Gather grain from me.
Bring some soul by sin oppressed
Through these furrows to be blessed.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XII.

Going into Camp.

It was the cold weather, the time when tourists visit India and go from place to place enjoying the beauty, revelling in the sunshine and the blue, blue sky, seeing sights that stir the imagination and glorying in the climate. They return to the West, and think they have been to Paradise ; but it takes time to see below the surface of things. Two months of beautiful weather do not make one year, there are still ten months to be lived through. But the cool days are an incentive to us to get further out into the district and villages, to peoples who are inaccessible to us the rest of the year.

We started for the villages on the border ; we arranged to pitch our tents at the foot of the blue hills of Nepal. The people had called us, they wanted to know more. One man had bought a copy of the Gospel of St. John at a mela some years before. He had read and re-read the book to his village when they sat together in the evenings. They had heard of the village of the Good News where everyone is a Christian. They wanted to know how these people who were once Hindu became Christians, so we went to dwell among them.

To get there took longer than a trip from London to Naples, and was far more interesting. There was first the train journey, then the wait by the roadside for five hours, sitting on the luggage—answering

questions that were put by the people who had gathered from villages around. We had written beforehand and arranged for bullock-carts to meet the train when we alighted at the little station. The promise was given, "Yes, the carts shall be there"—but East is East, and you know what Rudyard Kipling wrote—

> "All that was left was a tombstone white
> Because he tried to hustle the East."

We remembered and did not try. We waited—we sent messengers—we waited again, from eleven until five o'clock—still no sign of the bullock-carts. One hour more, yet another, and we decided to go ourselves. We found the man of the promise, who, because he was a great (?) man did not answer immediately. The sun was nearly setting over the lake when the door opened and Babu Singh stood before us.

"We have come about the bullock-carts," we said.

He stood in silence.

"Do you speak English?" we asked.

"Somewhat," he answered.

So we explained that he had promised to have bullock-carts waiting when the train of the day arrived.

He sat down for a few moments, called for a servant, ordered him to see where the conveyances were—and then waited.

We sat there for nearly another hour; he got up and was away for most of the time. When he returned he held his head high, stretched himself to his fullest height, and his breast visibly swelled as he pompously said: "Madam, I will send the bullock-carts yesterday."

It was a triumph for him, and for us—well—it was an opportunity to learn patience. There is one word

"WE ARE SEVEN."

FIVE TEDLETS

in Hindustani that stands for yesterday and to-morrow, and it is very useful, for it never comes! There was an empty little bungalow of two rooms close to the railway, so we tumbled all our luggage there and settled for the night.

At dawn we were up and outside to see the sun rise over the snows. It was wonderful—past telling. First a sky of soft grey-blue, full of twinkling lights, then the grey-blue turns to pale blue-green, the mountains look like masses of soft grey velvet. The lights disappear from the sky, and we watch. Yes, it is as if a curtain were being slowly lifted. A streak of crimson darts across the sky; it is followed by another, then another, the last one is edged with gold. Slowly the curtain rises, now pale mauve, now pink, now golden, and still more golden; then as if a big fire had burst behind the hills, the sky lights into a blaze. "It is coming, it is coming," we said.

The mountains turn from grey to pink that fade into gold, growing brighter and brighter, until we can look no longer, for the sun has come up, the earth is awake. And the snows stand up in a dazzling whiteness, solemn and grand beyond description, higher than anything we had thought possible, peak after peak in one long line as far as the eye can reach. The deep blue hills of Nepal in the foreground throwing up the whiteness of the snows, the awful majesty of the invincible heights, the purity, the strength, the untouchableness of those everlasting snows speak to our hearts. We hear a voice like the breath of the morning; our spirits are cooled and refreshed as we listen on. What is it saying? "The mountains removed—but—My Word—." We hush our hearts to listen again, and then on the edge of rice-fields with that glory before us, there comes on the morning air that unbreakable promise of God

to His children, "For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed." And so we began the day with thanksgiving, quite sure of God.

We made tea, and began to tie up our bedding. The men had gone again to the village to urge the bullock-carts forward, and we again waited. Seven o'clock—eight o'clock, still no help in sight—but the voice of the morning had said "Kindness." We knew our God would be kind and not fail us. We waited on. Half-past eight. We walked about, looking longingly about the fields. "Should we get there to-day?" we asked. We went across the railway lines. It was past nine o'clock. Something was coming along the village; it came toward us—was it? Yes, it was a bullock-cart—*one*! and we needed three for all and everything. The man drove up as slowly and as unconcerned as if our journey was nothing to him. He jumped from the shaft, untethered the bullocks, let them go free to feed in front of the bungalow and then looked towards us.

"Why have you come?" we asked.

His answer was one long gaze with wide-open mouth. He muttered something to himself, and we asked again and he answered, "The Baboo said that you wanted to go off quickly, and so I brought the cart."

"We asked for *three* carts—see the luggage—count the people and the tents; can one bullock-cart carry so much?"

He looked in amazement at us, then at the luggage. Then he looked again and muttered, "Where will the Baboo get three carts from?"

"He promised them," we said.

"If he promised them and has not got them how can he send them?" was his reply.

And then—the situation dawned upon us—and it was ten o'clock.

The Baboo had only *one* cart, and he was too proud to say so, so we went into the Bazaar and hired from two men, and by eleven o'clock, after twenty-four hours of waiting, we started across the fields with never a sight of a road, and just before dark we arrived in one of the most beautiful places on this earth.

A village nestled in a mango-grove—the evening mists mingled with the smoke of the wood fires—women carrying great bundles of harvest spoil passed us on their way home from the fields. Children played around the well. Men shouted our arrival, and the village dogs yelped, and all the dogs in the other villages within sound, as we dropped from the conveyance and erected our camp.

Try and imagine yourself in a sea of rice fields of the most vivid green; here and there are patches of white—that is poppy for opium. Over there a deep yellow, which is mustard; and there, right in the middle foreground, is one big stretch of sky-blue. It is linseed. Here and there interspersed are palm trees in little groups, and one quite close to us all alone in solitary grandeur. Beyond the stretches of fields rise the beginnings of Nepal, all in deep blue, and beyond that, towering into the sky, the highest mountains in the world, great spaces of white massive shadows, they touch the blue above and seem as if they must pierce through.

Quite close to us stands a woman wearing a scarlet saree, another with yellow, and two children wearing a string and a key round their waists, their little brown bodies shining with the oil that has been well rubbed in every day of their short lives. We stand and look long, and sigh our contentment and thank-

fulness for the privilege of being there, for the capacity to enjoy such beauty, and we find ourselves singing—

"Heaven above is softer blue,
Earth around is sweeter green,
Something lives in every hue
Christless eyes have never seen.
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine."

And then we turned in to pray for those to whom we were sent, who look upon such indescribable beauty every day, and yet never see it, for their eyes are holden. We have often noticed that the people who live in the most beautiful spots are blind to the glory, until the eyes of their hearts are touched and they see from within. It takes the Master's hand to open their eyes, and His Spirit to give them sight, and then, oh, what rapture, as they who were blind begin to see, and to walk about in the light of His countenance all the day, revelling in the beauty, drinking in the sweetness, and singing their thanksgiving when Christmas has become a reality, and the glory of the Lord has filled their souls.

Oh Mighty Mystery! this gift of prayer,
That I should speak, that God should hear,
That I should kneel before His throne, and there
Tell all my thoughts without a fear!
Oh Mighty Love! surpassing human thought,
Course through my veins till Thy full life is wrought.
Flood all my being with Thy life and power,
Till every moment, aye and every hour,
Be full of Thee and Thee alone.
No longer I before the Throne,
But Thou, the Man of sorrows there,
Praying Thy prayer
That all Thy children may be one,
That in their lives God's will be done,
That those in darkness may behold and see
The mighty power of blood-stained Calvary.
So melt my spirit now, this heart of mine,
That every throb shall echo, Lord, to Thine,
And prayer then be
As vast, as deep, as all eternity.

M.W.B.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A Hindoo Widow Without Hope."

I was sitting under the trees in front of the tent talking to "Ruby of Jewels." She said that she had heard of the big man of the district intending to pay us a visit.

I asked her how she knew, considering we had only been on the border for about thirty-six hours. And she began to explain how a woman, passing from the bazaar that day, had heard one man tell another that he had heard in his village that the man in the next village had heard the Tahsildar say that he heard from a servant in the great man's house that his master had told his private secretary that he must call and see the Miss Sahibs, and the secretary had told one of the village watchmen to tell the headman of the village where the woman came from that he must ride over and give the information to the camp that his master was coming, and she had come across the fields to let us know that he was coming!! And that was how we knew!

I wish I could describe the coming. The sun was turning the sky to a golden glow. Buffaloes grunted their way home, kicking up the earth that made clouds of gold dust as they wended their way to the villages. Women wearing gay-coloured sarees passed and repassed, carrying polished waterpots upon their heads, which caught the rays of the sun and danced on the brass and reflected the glory as they went along.

Everything seemed to melt with the glory; even the tank of water looked like molten gold, and the smoke from a dozen village fires rose in shades that defy description. The snows of the mountains shone in the evening glory, more and more beautiful every second, changing colour quicker than I can write. We watched, and as the earth rose and the heavens came down we heard a rustle through the trees, and there, alighting from a gaily-caparisoned horse, was a man in gorgeous apparel. It was like a dream! Would the vision fade? was our first thought. Are we awake? the second, and before we could think clearly we heard a voice, and lo, before us stood a man to match the evening. He wore a coat of yellow satin and a turban of the same colour—he carried a whip in his hand, which he twisted as he stood before us. He bowed low, came two steps nearer, bowed again and stood. We rose to meet him. He remained perfectly still.

"Your honour," he said, "my master, the great man of this country"—he waved his hand over the landscape—"he is coming to see you." He turned and looked towards the mountains, then at us. "My honourable master sent me to tell you." He stood another minute, irresolute. "May I go?" he asked, and bowing again he stepped backwards, turned to his horse, mounted and was away.

"If this magnificence is the servant, what can the master be like?" we said, and sat down to recover.

As we were starting out to visit the sick in a near village the great man arrived. He had been with us for a few minutes before we realized who he was. He was so unlike anything we had expected—his servant so gorgeously apparelled and riding upon a horse that reminded one of a durbar, and the master without any trappings or paint. He brought his

letters with him to show us, for had he not heard from every collector in the district? It was he who arranged the shoots and sent the elephants to carry the people of the Government. He was a great man, and he wanted us to know it!

Imagine him, sitting bolt upright in a chair, his very rotund figure encased in a Norfolk jacket; the belt refusing to have anything to do with the waist, or perhaps unable to find it, was buttoned on the upper part of the chest, and below it was his person, forming a big semicircle. The riding breeches had seen better days, and one place where the knee bent there was no attempt to hold the cloth together! He was politeness itself, and quite at ease. He asked us to visit his women folk, he would send an elephant, he said. He wanted his people to hear the news we had brought. He would have us conveyed across the country to his villages, and there we could teach anything we liked. Yes, he had heard of our religion; he had met many Christians, he had mixed with them in the big shoots, he knew they were a different people. He had heard too that Indians had become Christians—but how? Yes, he would like a book. He took a small bundle from his pocket, and opening it passed a letter to me, from the Collector Sahib, he said. "I have many from the Sahibs of the Government—I know them all; they know me." He sat erect and looked the importance he is.

"Can I help you in any way?" he said. "I will order milk and chickens to be sent to you, and I will see that you have no trouble." He got up, bowed most graciously, and with a very courteous salaam he left us.

Now there are no people in the world who are more polite than those of India. Their expressions, that seem so profuse to the new-comer from the West,

are but their simplest polite speeches. They speak of themselves as "dust of your feet"—"the humblest persons," and "the poorest," even when they are garbed in all that speaks of wealth and affluence. They are the essence of graciousness. Their introduction and leave-takings have so much superfluity that we are tempted to doubt their sincerity. But they mean all these polite sayings, just as much as an Englishman means his "Good morning" to his neighbour, and when we have lived long among them we know that love does not diminish the graciousness, neither do the polite speeches shorten with familiarity; it is as much a part of them as the things we call English are a part of us.

Three days after the visit, an elephant arrived to take us to the house of the great man, so we went in state. We crossed many fields, regardless of roads, and in about one hour we arrived at the gate of the courtyard where the great man lived. Two men with bayonets stood at the entrance, two more walked about the courtyard. There was a temple to the right, and a priest sat on the steps reading his sacred book: the door was wide open, and we could see the idol decorated with masses of flowers. A woman with a brass lota full of water passed the priest; she went in, we heard the bell ring again and the woman with her saree well over her face to hide her identity, walked silently past us into a closed part of the building.

We alighted from the elephant and a crowd soon gathered, but we were taken past the people on to a wide verandah with stone pillars, past another priest and on into a big room that was covered with a thick red carpet. There were no chairs, and nothing at all like any other room I had been in. A small octagonal table of ebony, inlaid with mother of pearl and silver, stood in the centre of the room, and three big cushions

were thrown near it. Ruby looked at me saying, "Yih thik hai," i.e. "This is right." The door opened, and the great man entered. If he was plainly dressed when he called upon us he made up for it that morning. He was dressed in crimson velvet, embroidered with gold; he wore a turban of the softest pink and gold, and a long fall hanging down his back. We did not recognize him until he reminded us that he had called. He beckoned us to follow him, and so from room to room across two courtyards we followed on. He took us to a part of the garden where the family priests lived, and then he explained that he kept them to do his worship and to say his prayers. I looked in amazement, and asked him if he ever prayed himself. His answer was, "Why should I pray when I keep those priests to do it for me?" and we walked on. There were gardens within gardens, and pools of water that reflected the blue of the sky. There were palm trees and bamboo, and alamander and mimosa and oleander scented the air, roses in profusion grew everywhere, while peacocks strutted about the paths at home in the glory.

We passed out of one garden into another, and through a doorway of a high building, and we were in the zenana. All was changed, the luxury was left behind, rooms stern and bare were on each side of us. Then we saw, as in a cage, several women moving about among brass pots. We went closer, but not near enough to see clearly, for we were told that that was the cook-house, and we knew that should any shadow of ours fall across the way, or touch any thing there, all the food would be thrown away, and we should be held responsible for the evil. We kept closely to the wall across the way, and went on until we arrived at a door over which hung a very heavy curtain; a servant drew it aside and we went in.

Seated on what seemed to us was a very high cushion, was the lady of the house, the mother of the man, the lady who reigned over the thousands of acres around her.

She beckoned us forward and rose slowly to greet us. Eleven attendants came on the scene. She spoke quietly to one and a cushion was put for me. She beckoned to another and another, and we were all seated. She looked hard at me, then at my companions, then round the room. After a long look, she cleared her throat and asked if we were well. I took off my topi and put it on the floor at my side. Her eyes stood out. "You have no oil on your head," she gasped in astonishment. "How old are you? You have not married yet—what a disgraceful thing! What have your parents been doing not to get you married?" And she sat back to survey the wonder.

"Your country—your country," she repeated, "is very strange, but I have heard of the wonders of your people, yet never saw I a white woman before. Let me feel your hand; is your body white all over?"

I sat nearer and she called for pan. When it was ready she passed one to me with the question, "Do you eat pan in England? You do not grow the necessary things? Why I have heard that England was the most wonderful country, but you do not have pan, then I do not want to go," and she sighed as if she were there deprived of her leaves.

She soon recovered her disappointment. "Ah, you should eat pan" she said, "it would make your lips red and beautify your mouth, then I would put on you one of my beautiful sarees and you would be a princess," and she laughed like a child.

I sang one of the Indian lyrics to her and she

swayed her body to the time. I sang another and she began to notice the words. "What are they? What are they?" she asked. "Salvation, Peace?—teach me and I will sing." So line by line we began her first lesson:

"Jesus Christ saves my soul.
The sinner who comes to Jesus
Jesus will give salvation to him.
The boat is old and the river is wide,
But He will take you across."

And then we talked of life and death, heaven and hell, saved and lost, and she listened as one of those listen who want salvation.

"You say that salvation and heart rest is a free gift—but how can that be?" she asked. "Salvation is costly; we pay many rupees and suffer much hardship and undertake long pilgrimages to get it. It can't be true. Let us sing again," she said. And we sang the same words and the same tune over and over, until something of its truth seemed to enter her soul, and she began to explain to the attendant why she liked the lyric. "I am a widow" (she spoke softly) "a widow, cursed of the gods, but I have a good son, and he will take care of the property and the lands.

"Jesus Christ save my soul."

She began to sing again and signed to me to join her:

"The sinner who comes to Jesus
Jesus will give salvation to him.
The boat is old and the river is wide."

"Ah, it is true—it is true," she sighed:

"But He will take you across."—

And her eyebrows lifted and she placed her hand on mine. I sang on and she came a little nearer.

> "This religion binds you to the end.
> The Lord will take all your sins away,
> Put all your trust in Him.
> Take this news, believe it, receive it."

"It is a wonderful word" she said under her breath, and I looked into her face and just said: "It is for you."

She shook her head saying, "For you—yes; for me, no, no, no; it cannot be. I am Hindoo, I have always been Hindoo and I shall remain Hindoo. But what did you say was the name of the Salvation Giver? Tell me again, I want to remember. Tell my son and he will write it down and keep it for me, and I can see it sometimes—but I know there is no salvation for me. I am a Hindoo widow without hope." Then suddenly changing the subject as if she wanted to forget she asked, "How much did you pay for that dress? Did you make it? Why have you got an umbrella? You are not a man."

Feeling that serious talk was over we rose to leave. She looked earnestly into my face and said: "The words you told me are here," putting her hand on her heart. "I shall remember, but it is the Name of the Giver of Salvation that I like best. Come back—come back soon and tell me more about Him," and we left her behind the purdah, and started homewards to pray.

It is when we have had a morning like this that we are compelled to pray and wait and pray again. There is nothing more soul-stirring, and no greater incentive to prayer than to come in contact with those who hear the message, see the hopelessness of their own case, and yet cannot accept deliverance because it seems

too good to be true. It is like putting a man who is dying of thirst close to a spring of water. All he would have to do would be to put his hand to the water and carry it to his mouth, but he lies there and looks at it, repeating to himself over and over again—"Beautiful—beautiful: yes, it is water, but it is not for me." The spring of water so close to him would not revive him unless he drank it. We long to push them into the spring and compel them to drink, but that is the work of the Holy Spirit. So many hear and are ready to talk about the Gospel—they look at it and they say how good it is and how true, but few stoop to drink, and that is why there is so much restlessness and heart-thirst in the world to-day, for Jesus said: "If any man thirst let him come to Me and *drink*." It is those who have drunk who know how abundantly He satisfies.

In the Secret of Thy Presence
In the Place of all Thy Power
Let me love Thee, let me serve Thee
Every day and every hour.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XIV.

Flower's First Christmas Present.

Flower was busy working in my room and talking hard about Christmas. She had been with us for about seven months, and this was to be her first taste of the Christians' Great Day. Excited little sentences were spoken between hard rubs on the furniture.

"What will it be on the Great Day?" she asked.

"Are you praying about it?" I answered.

"Yes, I pray much."

"What are you asking for?"

"I have asked God, our Father, to give me a doll," she blurted out.

"A doll! But you are such a big girl!"

Flower went on with her rubbing for some time in silence—all her being seemed bent on the polish—but her face had an expression of wonder. Suddenly she stopped, and looking me straight in the face questioned:

"Do big girls *never* get dolls?"

I said, "Yes, sometimes, when there are enough, but . . ."

She interrupted me:

"Do little girls always get a doll? Do you think one of them would let me hold hers for a little while? —I would give it back—in my arms for a very little while?" she went on, while her hands and face spoke louder than her words.

There was such a wistful expression on her face, such longing in her voice as she repeated her question. But she wanted something all her own to love and cherish. She had scarcely known love until she came here, and never in all her life had she possessed anything all her very own to expend as much love as she knew how to give. She had seen remnants of the past Christmas passed from one to the other in the Nurseries; she had seen dolls that had been beautiful *once*, and heard little girls singing their little mother songs to the child of their love. Yea, even armless dolls still hold captive the heart of many a child, to say nothing of those that have been attacked by cruel insects and have lost their hair in the battle; mother-love survives through everything and remains true when all else fails. Flower saw, and Flower panted for possession. Would God answer her prayer?—she questioned—the other girls had said that He would! "I could not help coming when I am big" she said one day. "God our Father did not call me before—it is not my fault." And then she watched to see what I would say to that.

We did not want her to know before the time, but we carefully selected a little doll, nine inches long, with a wisp of hair and eyes that shut and opened—it mattered not that the clothes were stitched fast on to the treasure—it did matter that the dress was of red silk, and the head gaily wore a hat with a flower! We wrapped it up in some clothes she was badly needing and hid it away until the joy bells rang.

* * * *

"Hark, have you heard the children
Singing their happy song?"

Was it a dream? There is music in the air—it is quite dark—

"Hark! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King."

Surely someone is singing—but—it is still night. I lie and listen. The music is softer, then louder—now as if it were going away and I turn over to listen, and I sigh a deep thankfulness, and suddenly at my door I hear the children singing:

"Christians, awake, salute this happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love"—

and I sit up in bed and wait. All through the hymn they sing, then little voices at the end of the verandah pipe forth:

"O come let us adore Him,
O come let us adore Him."

and all the family take up the song:

"O come let us adore Him,
Christ the Lord."

Flower has caught some of the words, and she looks on in mystified joy. "What will they do next?" her expression seems to say. The doors are opened wide, and children with lanterns walk through the Bungalow singing their call—

"O come let us adore Him,"

and a holy joy fills the place. Surely the Prince of Peace has come, and we worship and adore.

Singing over, thanksgivings said, goodwill given,

and little children seem to turn up from everywhere. But it is only five o'clock and the dawn has not begun, so we all settled to quietness with Bible-reading until seven o'clock, when the joy-bells will ring and all will gather to see what God our Father has sent for His children here.

How can I describe the scene? The children's gong is a set of chiming bells, it is music soft and beautiful, and the exact opposite of the clanging of a temple bell in India. It is only sounded for the children and the first touch of it will bring little girls in gay-coloured sarees faster than any other call. It is their sound for prayer, it is their call for action and their musical song that means instant obedience—it is far more effective than the ordinary bell, and calls for glad response in a way no other call does. It is kept exclusively for them, and they know it.

Just one touch on Christmas morning and everybody was ready to run. Little girls, and big girls with babies in their arms, rushed to get the parcel of surprise they were sure our Father had provided. Quickly the names were called as parcel after parcel was handed out of the window, and joy was quivering as little hands took the gifts. Flower held her parcel with solemn awe—it was the very first parcel she had ever had. It mattered not to her that the wrappings were of an old newspaper and the string was a pin! It was a parcel—and a wonder—and for some minutes she held it in her arms like a woman holding a precious ornament—afraid to break it. Too excited to loose the paper and see what the mystery was, she stood and watched. Sunbeam opened hers. Flower's eyes were fixed—a doll, a kurta, a handkerchief! Yes, Pearl opened hers, she had a doll too! Quickly she grasped the situation; her parcel was to be opened. Slowly, with trembling hands, she took the pin and

held it in her fingers; this seemed to block progress, so she sat on the ground and put the pin carefully at her side, then pulled one end of the paper very gently, and, lo, she saw red—something else very unfamiliar to her was there—what could it be? Her breath came in excited gasps, and she jumped up as if a spring had thrown her, and then, with one passionate look, she grasped a doll to her heart and ran like a hare across the compound. She came back again and held it up before me with such an expression as I had never seen—it was joy and love melted together—it was peace and satisfaction wrapped around it—it was mother-love and child-joy mingled—and Flower looked into heaven and understood there and then how God so loved that He gave. She pushed past all the family and came close to me. The same wonderful expression remaining on her face, the doll held close to her heart, she whispered, "Mamaji, Mamaji, what love! What love!! See what God our Father has sent to me!" and her treasure was lifted up for me to caress.

Does it seem foolish to some that a girl of sixteen should so want a doll? Does it seem childish that she should be so satisfied with a toy? She in all her life had never possessed a doll, nor had she seen one until she came here. Toys were for the rich and foolish, and so was play. She never remembered when she did not work, for her mother carried her into the fields when she was a baby, and as soon as she could walk she began to help to pull the weeds. Her father died when she was five years old, and from that time the struggle for existence increased, and she lived in the fields and on the fields, and slept in a little mud hut in a village near.

As time went on, her eldest brother's marriage must be arranged. They worked early and late and all day

long to gather enough money for the feast: and when that was over, her second brother must be married to a girl who lived in the village at the foot of the hills. The expense was heavy, and the widowed mother worked until there was no strength left, but the debts seemed never to grow less. Money-lenders demanded all she could give in interest on the money needed, and year by year she struggled on, heart-sick and weary, heavily in debt.

She talked out her heart to Flower. "You are so big," she said; "it is a disgrace not to be married at your age, but I have no money, I can't get any more money, and I can't work as I used to. I have heard that there are people who will pay money for girls like you. Once a man offered rupees to me when you were very little, but I held you to my heart and said that I would work for you to have a good marriage, but the debts are all unpaid, and there is no money left for you." Flower listened; the words her mother had said sank deep into her heart, "You are just a burden to me—it is a disgrace to be unmarried at your age." Over and over and over again the words revolved in Flower's brain. What was she to do? What could she do? She had never been five miles away from her village. She was a burden to her mother, but how could she be anything else? Unless —yes—it had been done—she knew a girl who had done it rather than suffer the man to whom her parents had married her. One day, when the child-wife went to the well she jumped in and that was the end of her. Flower was not married, that was her disgrace; she had no need to jump down a well to escape a cruel husband, but she must get away somehow. How? Day after day she pondered, but the ways of the world beyond her village were unknown to her.

Her mother grew bitter, and threatened to kill her, and one day when everything went wrong, Flower was told to go, and she started out across the fields on to the high road that leads to houses where girls like her are welcomed and are soon the toys of unscrupulous men. It was while she was on this road that she was met by a Christian who lives on the look-out to help any one in need.

"Where are you going?" asked the Christian. "Why do you weep so? What is your sorrow? Tell me, and see if I can help," and the simple village girl stopped and talked and sobbed out her life-story to the first stranger she had met who spoke kindly to her.

"I know a place where you will be loved and cared for," said the Christian. "Will you go if I will take you?"

Flower in her sorrow, unwanted and alone, scarcely believed her ears, and she stood irresolute until she heard again: "There is love, there is care, and your honour will be kept there—go and try—and see for yourself if I do not speak the truth," and, half fearing and without hope, Flower arrived at our door. She entered the compound like one in a dream. She watched the children play. She went into the school-room and learnt her letters. Then after three weeks she went to her Bua and asked: "When does Mamaji beat us? I never see any one beaten here. I have been here three weeks, and no one has spoken an angry word to me—when will anyone begin?"

Her Bua told her of Jesus and His love, and how His love ruled here. She said that the stick was administered sometimes when nothing else would do, but it always meant real pain and disgrace. Flower listened entranced: "I see," she exclaimed, "it is love, all love here. I understand love," and she settled herself to stay with us for ever.

She came to me one day and asked about prayer. She said: "Every day there is prayer here, prayer and hymns, prayer and hymns, prayer and hymns and love. In our village there are no hymns, and I have never seen anyone pray, but there is such a lot of quarrelling! Do you always pray and sing hymns?"

I explained as well as I could what prayer is, and why we sing praises to God, and she interrupted me by saying: "I did pray 'Dear Father in heaven, will you please make my heart clean—wash it in the blood of Jesus.' I keep saying that. I close my eyes and hold my hands together, so, and I keep saying those words to Him. Bari Bua taught me; she said that I should be a good girl if I did so. I have said them many, many times."

"And have you not yet been answered?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, "I keep saying the words over and over again."

I took my Bible and read: "The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Then I turned over the leaves and read: "A new heart will I give you"—and—"Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

"First, if you stand at the door and I do not send you away, what do I do?"

"You say, 'Come in,'" and she beamed at me and came a little closer.

"If I said that I would give you a new saree?"

"I would wait until you gave it to me," she promptly answered.

"Have you asked for anything when you knelt to pray? God our loving heavenly Father says that He will *give* you a new heart."

She would scarcely believe it, but she knew it was true, and what is more we have reason to believe that she has received the gift, and her sins, which were

many, are all forgiven. Flower has entered into life—she is learning hard—she means to do much when she is quite grown up.

We let the mother know where her child had settled, and the answer came, "Keep her, she was but a burden to me." And we—well, we thank God for the privilege of caring for Flower and others like her, and when we see them open to the Son of Love and resolve to follow Him all the way—why—we think that we are the happiest and richest people in all the world.

WORK.

To work with my hands is just helping,
  To work with my heart is to love;
But to work on my knees by real praying
  Will always bring God from above.
And who? Who can help those around us
  To find in the Saviour their rest?
'Tis only the Father can draw them,
  So to pray—yes to pray is the best.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XV.

Her Majesty—Baby.

Her name is "Sukuntilla," so she bears the name of a queen, and she lives to rule. Her coming was on this wise. We were sitting at dinner when Moti came in saying, "Dayal has come." As I had sent him to school only the day before, after a week's holiday, I looked in amazement, and Makhtul appeared, "Dayal has come," she announced; "he has brought a parcel." The door flung open, and there he stood on the verandah, every inch of this fifteen-and-a-half years' old boy bursting with pleasure. He held in his arms a little bundle of life. I had no idea that there was so much tenderness in a boy of that age until I saw him looking into the tiny face of a less-than-two-months-old child. He bent over it in love, and then put the tiny living thing in my arms, and I took it straight to my heart.

"I brought it," he said; "I asked Sahib to let me bring it home to you."

I unfastened the big white towel that was wrapped around the wee person, and a sweet little baby girl opened her eyes wide and sighed.

"She is hungry," said Dayal; so Moti ran for milk, Makhtul for a bottle, Kabuteri for a saucepan, and we all began then to wait upon "Her Majesty." She settled in my arms as if she meant always to stay there, and when she had drunk her milk she sighed her contentment and slept.

All the family came up to rejoice and admire, and

every one seemed eager to nurse her. When she was four months old she showed a decided will to reign. We kept her in the Bungalow: all her days were spent on the verandah. She lay in placid contentment until a brown face appeared. That was the signal for action. She gave one scream, it said, "Take me up at once!" A friend was spending the winter with us, and as she had trained for a baby's nurse we trusted her directions, which included *not* to take her up. Now Sukuntilla resented such treatment, and showed it in the usual way; her little head was raised about one inch from the pillow, she pulled her little body up and gave another scream, and looked round, but the hard-hearted family in the Bungalow took no notice—at least, tried not to—and so, she found it difficult to reign here. But, when she was six months old she was very ill, and that was the time when everybody fell at her feet to worship and pay their allegiance to her. They vowed in their hearts (not audibly, of course), that they would serve her faithfully and obey her slightest wish, and she kept them at it for three weeks! She watched her opportunity and waited her time, and then one day she gave every one of us to understand that she was not going to drink milk any more. The whole family sat in conclave, then divided up into separate committees to decide what was to be done.

"If she refuses milk what will she take?" one ancient mother asked.

"If she does not take milk she will die," said another. And everybody went down again to pay their homage to the little lady. They pleaded, they coaxed, they implored, they pleaded again and coaxed, but she was not going to yield—no—never—and her lips were held tight in absolute refusal to be coaxed into anything against her will, and the consternation was great.

She lay perfectly flat upon her little back and stared at me, and I said, "Sukuntilla must have milk!" She knew perfectly that there was to be a battle, and she looked upon me as an enemy to be overcome at any cost.

Her little jaws clamped, and she looked resistance in essence, while I called "Bring the bottle to me." One little hand touched mine, and I almost yielded. She had tried force, she would try something else now for she must reign, but my heart hardened as I looked at the bottle and bent over her. She struck out—her action said, "I will *not* drink milk." I very quietly took her into my arms and put the rubber to her lips. Do you think she opened them? Not the eighth of an inch! And I held her until she was tired and opened her mouth wide to cry, and then we got a few drops of milk into her mouth. But she was not going to swallow it. Had she not shown us in so many ways that she was here to rule? She was not going to swallow the stuff, even if it did drop into her mouth. We were almost conquered, but not quite, and the humility for her was very distressing. She somehow from then seemed to realize that she must obey me, and was just as determined not to. Why should she obey me when there was such a big family who would obey her? was her position. And—she ruled.

When she was nine months old she knew which girl she liked best, and that was the one she made her slave. If you could only see the way she asserted her position, the way she dominated her slave, or slaves—for there were several—the way she demanded of them time and labour unceasing, except when she was asleep, you would understand Her Majesty Baby.

She learnt to lie on her back and cross her wee legs, while she held an envelope in her hand as if she were

reading. Of course she wanted us to understand that she could read, and she made little noises as if she were reading to herself.

Nauline played with her, rested with her, and was quite the lady-in-waiting. Shanti bathed her and changed her clothes, and she screamed her undignified thanks, but Shanti had been taught by our visiting friend and she was relentless with the soap and water! When she was clean and wearing a nice clean garment, she always came up smiling, and condescended to bow very graciously to us.

When teeth began to appear, and she was the proud possessor of two, she opened her mouth wide to show them; they gave her some pain but she did not resent it as she resented allegiance to her wishes, and even when she awoke one morning with a swollen face and one eye closed up, she laughed with us at the spectacle she made.

When she was a year old she was rushed off to the hospital, where she was treated for boils, and she came back a sadder and wiser baby. She had found that there are places in this big world where doctors do what they think proper, regardless of a baby's cries, and it was an education. The doctor said the boils must be opened, and what is more she did it—and Sukuntilla made up her mind that she preferred her own country people. They at least would obey her—if she wanted anything she knew that she could get it by crying, and it is always easy to scream. So, although she failed so ignominiously with the doctor, she still held sway over the woman who was with her, and gave her to understand that she preferred Gorakhpur, even if it did hold me. And so, one day, when the doctor thought proper, she came back and began life again. I think the thing that surprised her most was that we had learnt to live without her,

and that people were busy, in fact, too busy to attend to her all the time; so she stuck to the one who had taken her to hospital, and appointed her as her own personal attendant. And that worked.

But it did not satisfy her for long. There are so many little people about, and she thought, "Why should I not have a whole retinue of them?" and she made her plans. She could sit up, and she has the most insinuating smile that brings people to her feet, so she turned to Shoshi, who was nearest to her. Now Shoshi is a ray of sunshine, and as tender as any little lamb could be. She caught the smile from Sukuntilla and was entranced, then number one of her intended retinue went under. The next was Krushneoti. Now she is not an easy person to captivate, she belongs to the warrior caste, and prefers a stand-up fight—but Sukuntilla gurgled and waved her hands and Khrushneoti joined at once. It took exactly one week to bring twenty little people into line. Shanti, because of her experience, held out the longest, but I think she is in the train now, and whenever Sukuntilla makes the least noise there is a scuffle of feet, and a number of little persons run to obey her slightest wish, and she reigns supreme.

She has attained the age of eighteen months. She does not walk—why should she when she can be carried? She crawls to the place she wants to get to, if none of her retinue are at hand. She possesses twelve teeth, so she is not tied to milk alone any longer, which is a joy to her. She lives in the Nursery, mistress of all she surveys. It is extraordinary the power she holds over the people there. She is brought to me, and she looks the sweetest thing on earth; she is a gem of the first water, a very decided character and determined to rule. So there is trouble ahead, for everybody is under her sway at present.

She is not quite sure of me, because I insist on obedience, even from a baby. When she sees me her face wears a big question mark, and if she means to have it all her own way she may smile, but no arms are put out to me. But if she is good, arms are outstretched, a little body pushes forward, and she is in my arms.

She has learnt that milk is in her bottle, all nicely warmed, and sweetened at a certain time, and it must be drunk *then*. The THEN is the objection, so you see how very natural she is.

Now you ask, "How did you get such a treasure?" It was this wise. In a village many miles from here there lived a Hindoo man and his wife. A little daughter came to their home, and they thought the gods had made a mistake, for they wanted a boy—in fact, a boy was absolutely necessary to carry on the family puja. But as she had come they had to put up with her. When she was aged one month the father died very suddenly, some say from snake-bite. The mother was frantic; to be left a Hindoo widow was terrible enough, but to have this added calamity of a daughter was terrifying. So, to get rid of one evil, she made up her mind to throw her baby daughter away. In her grief she started out, and when she was a little way from the village she stooped, and placing that wee bit of herself down under the hedge, she ran off as if she were chased by evil spirits. Neighbours watched, and went after her. One woman picked up the bit of unwanted humanity and took it home, but she was poor, and how could she feed a baby a month old? She talked it over with her neighbours, and the mother was called back; but she was in such a frenzy of grief, feeling sure that the gods were all angry with her, and as she had laid her child down to appease them, she was not going to take it

back; and unless something could be done quickly, life would leave the little body. One mother after another in the village tried to take care of the wee mite, but it was failing, so one said: "Why not take her to the Mission? Give her to the missionaries," and the proposal was seconded and passed, and that day carried through. The nearest mission to them was a boys' school. Now everybody knows that a boys' school is for boys, yet they took this little girl of one month and planted her down on the missionary's verandah. He took it up, asked questions and decided that the little life must be saved somehow, and the Hindu neighbours went off.

There were Christians in the compound who were ready to help nurse the child, but what could they do with a tiny baby girl of one month? However, they kept her for a fortnight, and then Dayal came to the rescue. He is a keen Christian and wants to be a minister. He told them about our babies and when the missionary asked if he thought we would accept the child, Dayal offered there and then to bring her —and there is no one more interested than he is in Sukuntilla, "Her Majesty Baby."

MY NEED.

"What is my need, O Lord?" I cried.
"What can I do to-day?
That weary broken-hearted ones
May find in Thee their stay?
Why does the task so often fail?
Why fruitless many a day?
Why when the message has been given
So few are led to pray?"
Why? Why? the question comes,
So little has prevailed?
They listen well, they smile their thanks
And yet, the plea has failed.
"What is it Lord?" my heart cries out
All humbled in the dust;
"The loss is great, the pain is sharp,
But know Thy will I must!"

Then in that disappointed hour
He bent o'er me above,
And oh, so tenderly, He said—
"My child, your need is love."

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XVI.

Love's Sacrifice.

Gulabie had never had a doll in her arms before I handed one to her a few moments ago. She looked tidiness personified, and so disconsolate, standing in the middle of the room. She is not well, and having been well groomed she is sent to be with me as I write, but the sight of the pathetic figure was too much for me—I went off and brought a doll. She did not take it, she just grabbed it, and held it right to her heart, then held it away, had a good long look at it, smiled into the tiny face, then held it to her heart again, and promptly sat down on the floor. Spreading her little garment out, she put her dolly down and began to pat it as a mother pats her child. She is talking to it now; she has sung a lullaby; her little hand is held up while she looks adoringly at her little treasure. Lola has just come in, and they are chattering over the garments and admiring the hair. Lola is much taken with the colour of the wee frock—it is a vivid green, with a slice of red at the bottom—her face is a study: such love, such tenderness, such adoration, as she looks down on the six inches of a doll. It is passed and re-passed from one to the other, laid down, taken up, laid down again and then held to a little girl's heart, while she sways her little body and croons the songs mothers know. She is but a scrap of humanity

herself, not more than three-quarters of a yard high; her little brown arms and legs are as thin as the proverbial broom-handle, and about as shapeless. Her face wears a wistful little smile most of the time, she looks and is very shy, but if there is any one near her a little hand is always thrust into a big one with all the trust a little child can give. She is a little orphan girl all alone in the world, but her capacity for love is as if she had a big family needing the outpouring of her affection. I look at her and wonder where all the love can live in such a little body, there is such a lot of it, it comes out in all sorts of places; and she nearly always sings all the way from Church on Sunday morning.

While I have been writing she has sat on the floor at my feet, just happy to be mothered and satisfied with a little doll about six inches long, and the wealth of love she is pouring out upon it would make any human being feel rich indeed. Who sent that doll? I will tell you. A little girl whose parents are poor, lives where she often hears about others; grown-up people have talked out before her, and sometimes missionary prayer meetings are held in their house, and friends meet to talk and plan out what they will do to show their love to the Lord Jesus, and their care for those who have not heard of Him. The little girl was often present, just because she was too young to go to school, and there were no servants to look after her, and she could not be left alone.

One night when she was being tucked up in bed, her mother was bending over her saying sweet things about Jesus, reminding her child of His love and care, when two little arms were thrown once more round her neck and a small voice was saying, "Hilda loves Jesus, too, Hilda will give her dolly." The mother could say nothing; she just held the little child to her

heart and prayed that the love confessed might be kept for the Master's use. She was stirred too deep for words, for her little girl had only one dolly. Days passed and the spontaneous love-offering was not mentioned.

Then there was another meeting, and the date was fixed when all those who had anything to give would bring their presents and help to pack them for our family in Gorakhpur.

A long table was arranged, tea and cake was provided, for which every one paid her share, and as each one came into the room she put her gift on the table. Some had dressed dolls, some had made a garment, some had bought crayon books and pencils, some brought scissors and cottons and bags, and as the room filled the laughter grew, everybody was so happy and interested. No one missed little Hilda in the excitement, and yet, when her mother raised her hand for silence and asked whether everything was laid on the table so that they could offer their love-gifts, the little child returned to the room carrying her one and only treasure, and with a radiant smile she placed it with the others to be given to God. A solemn hush came over the assembly, and although many could not see clearly, and others had to swallow a lump that seemed to choke them, not one said, "Do not give your doll, it is all you have"; they just encouraged the child, for they knew that she was just tasting with them the joys of sacrifice.

I could not give the doll as an ordinary present; it is kept for special occasions like this, and Gulabie will put it into a drawer in my room and come back again and again to her treasure. It will bring love, it has brought love, and it certainly has a wealth of love poured upon it. I think of little Hilda, and believe that the Lord Jesus prompted her to give her

treasure to Him for little Gulabie; may be she will come herself some day, if He tarry. I am quite sure that love in a gift is felt by the recipient. One little girl holds the treasure to her heart as I write these words: it is love proved. Is it any wonder our Blessed Lord said, "Except ye become as little children"? They know how to give love.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."
Proverbs xxix. 18.

Lord, give me a vision,
A vision of Thee.
Lest people should perish
Who live around me.
A vision, I pray Thee,
A vision of love;
To win those around me
For heaven above.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XVII.

A Vision.

We were preaching in a village some miles from here. The sun beat pitilessly on the land ; we sought out the bits of shade and talked with the women.

These people have very little opportunity of knowing the Truth, for some have never been farther than three miles from the place in all their lives, so their only chance of knowing of the Saviour of the world is that somebody go and tell them. But there are thousands like that in the district, and we are so few. We go when we can, but that is scarcely more than once a year, so is it any wonder that they sometimes think that the " Good News " is not for them ?

The village is known as the " village of the jungle." Year by year somebody from this compound has gone in the cold weather to tell and re-tell the story of " Redeeming Love " to these people. They had listened so well one day and seemed so impressed, that we made a valiant attempt to go again before the hottest of hot weather came.

I want you to see that village and its people. There is no road leading to it or out of it. It is just a clump of about thirty mud houses, dumped down about a mile from the King's highway.

There is a beautiful mango grove near by, and palm trees are dotted about the village ; then away in the near distance are the blue hills of Nepal, and behind

them, reaching into the clouds, are the everlasting snows of the Himalayas. Between the village and those mountains are miles and miles of green rice, blue aniseed and white poppy fields, and acres and acres of bright yellow mustard. Only trees break the long sweep; there are no hedges or walls such as in England to separate one field from another. The separating line is about a foot of mud raised between the fields, and only seen in sowing time and when the crops are new; as they grow the line disappears, and when the harvest is ripe there is nothing to be seen but miles and miles of waving corn and rice and those things that have been sown. It is a glorious sight to see the fields ready for harvest with no visible separating line.

Will it be so with us in the Great Harvest Home, I wonder?

Living in the village of the glorious view are two sisters who have been there all their lives. Their dwelling-place is one mud room, with a thatched roof; the furniture consists of an Indian bedstead—called a charpoi—a few cooking vessels, two brass plates, two brass cups and a water-pot made of burnt clay! There are no boxes, no wardrobes or any other furniture to store things in; they wear all the clothes they have, which consists of a piece of calico six yards long, and a short bodice—called a kurta—they wear neither shoes nor stockings, and never have done so. They are the simplest of simple folk in the villages of India and yet, with all their poverty, they are satisfied. It is some years since they first heard of Jesus and His love, and being unlearned, they simply listened and never dreamt that the good news was for them!

The following year they heard again, and although they were interested they remained lookers-on. Then plague came and one after another of their neighbours

passed out of sight, and when we went again we found about half of the village emptied of its people, and the other half very much subdued. We talked with them of the importance of choosing and deciding for the Way of Life now, and I can see the faces of the two sisters with expressions that asked, "Why do you tell *us* these things?" and one of our party, looking straight at them, answered their questioning gaze by saying, "Will you call upon the Lord now and He will save you?" They both gave a start and looked frightened, and the question was put again, "Will you call upon the Lord now?"

The troubled eyes turned to us, but there was no answer from their lips.

"Would you like to see God?" I asked, and the swiftness of the answer was an index to their longing.

With hands clasped in petition, with one voice they said: "Oh we long for a vision of God. A vision—a vision," sighed one, and then the other sister, for every Hindu wants a darshan—just a vision!

I read, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

"We want a vision," they repeated.

"The pure in heart see Him," we said, and they sat back into their hopelessness. It did all appear an absolute impossibility for them, but I turned the leaves of the Book and read: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"Kaise hoge?" they said—How?

And they listened entranced while we explained, in the simplest way possible, how to get rid of sin. But they were slow to believe that it was for them. "How could anything so good be for the poor?" is the question often put to us—"How could salvation be free?"

They had always heard that long pilgrimages would gain merit for some people, but salvation free for the poor was an unheard-of thing, and they could not believe it.

But cholera followed plague, and fever with the cholera, and there was an unusual hotness in the atmosphere which sapped their strength; so they were kept in their little mud house most of the day. Then the elder sister got a little fever, and they began to be anxious. "Supposing one should be taken and the other left!"

"Supposing they should both go together!" Go? Go? Go where?

Something of a hymn they heard long ago came back to them—

> "The boat is old,
> The river is deep.
> Jesus will take me across.
> Jesus Christ will save my soul—
> The sinners who come to Him
> He will save."

"Yes, that was the Name the Christians sang about—Yesu, Yesu, Yesu! Could He help them? Would He? How could they ask Him? They had never prayed, they did not know what to say."

Then the memory of a little wordless book came before them: "Black is for sin, white is for purity," said the Bible-women.

"Yes, they remembered that," and the sick sister lay very still for a time; presently, having raised herself, she said: "Sister, do you remember? They said that in heaven the streets were all gold, there was no lack there; and, sister, they said it was for us, gold—much gold—and we are so very poor, it cannot be for us. No, it is a mistake, but I would like to hear them sing, and they would tell us again of houses for every

one, and all the roads of gold—heaven! Heaven is a long way off—and we are poor and ignorant."

Exhausted by the fever, and weak with lack of nourishment, she became delirious—

"They shall see God," she said. "Yes, they shall—the streets are gold—my head aches—I am thirsty—water—bring water—oh, give me to drink—"

"White is for purity—I want a vision—Come to me, tell me again—I want to hear—bring water."

The other sister told us how afraid she was, and so she tried to soothe her sick sister by saying, "We are very poor, such things are not for us."

"But I would like to hear again."

Just then a neighbour was passing on her way to the well, and she called her—

"Do you remember what those Christians said and sang when they came? My sister is ill and very troubled."

"How can I remember what they say—I am but as a cow, and unable to learn anything," and she passed on.

She met another neighbour drawing water, and they began to talk about the sick woman.

"Surely the curse of God is on this village," she said; "look at us—look at the broken down empty houses; there is nothing but ruin here—hai! hai!" And as they talked there a woman from a neighbouring village joined them. She was singing as she came along. It was the snatch of a lyric she had learned when the preaching was her way—

"Yesu, Yesu—Jesus, Jesus!" then a medley of words, including "bright crowns," and together they gathered to see the sick woman.

"Put some cow-dung on her head," one said.

"See—go to the neemtree and gather leaves, put them in water, and when they have boiled bathe

the sores on her body, and she will have rest," and as they talked the patient wandered—" I want to see the gold—I want—I want—I want—"

And the neighbours pressed her burning temples, and tried to soothe her.

The woman from the other village began to sing softly, " Yesu—Yesu—"

The patient raised herself, " Yes, *that* was the Name they sang."

" Yesu—Yesu," sang the woman, and the patient went to sleep.

When she awoke the fire in her body had cooled, and she lay perfectly still, as if waiting for someone—and Prithee, one of our convert Bible-women, entered.

" You are ill? dear, dear sister; I will help you. Listen, I will sing to you and tell you of One Who died to save you and He can make you well."

With half-closed eyes the patient drank in all her heart was thirsting for. She could not understand. How could she, when she knew so little? But she felt the love in the heart of the messenger, and that was the drawing power. She understood that—it was so manifest. Loving sympathy helped her to see what was provided for her, and that day she gave herself to Jesus. It was Prithee who introduced her to Him, and left her there, and she quickly recovered.

Her heart was at rest, and physical strength returned. She told her sister, and she too yielded to the dear Lord Jesus, and their house became beautiful with His Presence.

The people in the village were quick to see the change, and had much to say.

" You will be as those people in the village of glad tidings," said one woman scornfully, " your caste will go if you continue in that way."

But the sisters had found a Friend in Jesus, and He was becoming increasingly precious to them.

Christmas came round, and we thought of the cold nights and the lack of bedding for the two sisters. So Prithee went off with blankets and a saree for each, and children sent some food.

"Think of it, think of it," said the sisters to each other, "We who were so very poor have been made rich by Jesus, it is all since we knew Him—and listen, two nights ago I had a vision: I was sleeping there," pointing to a corner of the room; "a bright light suddenly filled the place, and then a shining Person stood beside my bed. I was afraid. Then it was as if oil poured over my body, and I breathed in something beautiful. I was ready to spring from my bed, when He stretched His hand and touched me, and with the sweetest voice I ever heard, He said, 'I am Jesus,' and then He was gone! I have had a vision!"

Her face was radiant, and all her being thrilled as she went on to tell—for she told me later. "Listen," she said, "listen to this. When you came first you brought a book that was black and white and gold, and there was red in it. I did not like the black; I often thought of the white, and I liked most the gold, but I was not liking the red, for you said it spoke of blood; and every time you came and talked with the Book I went away when you turned to the red and told about blood. Then, one day, Prithee sat with me as I cleaned the brass plates and cups; she said to me: 'Shall I tell you what to say when you are cleaning bartans? just this, "O Lord, as I clean these plates and cups, will you please make my heart clean by your blood"'; and over and over she said it, until I learnt to say it, and one day, when I was saying the words as I worked, I stopped and remembered.

"That is it—is it? I see—that is why they open the

red page and speak of blood, and when Prithee came again I asked her, and she said that 'The Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, would cleanse my heart and make me pure,' and I prayed and prayed until I knew it was so. And then, two nights ago, I had a vision—a beautiful vision."

And we knew the literalness of the words, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Ah! He knows how to satisfy.

A FASCINATING STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS.

Jesus said, "I will come again and receive you unto Myself."

I love to think that He may come
Just as the opening day
Makes glory on the mountains
And chases night away.

I love to think His coming
May be as gentle too,
A calm and sweet awakening,
His voice, " I've come for you."

Thus oft I think His coming
Of which we talk and pray
May be now any morning,
Just at the break of day.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Learning How to be Holy.

It is the monsoon and all the world is clean; the trees have had their bath, and sunlight dances on their leaves. Green grass has come back on the land, Oleanders are in full dress, and alamanders begin to bloom. The mangoes are nearly over and the guavas are just in. Some little birds are visiting us from the distant hills and they sing for us every day. Flocks of green parrots fly over the compound, monkeys chatter and help themselves to the fruit in the garden. The sky is a beautiful blue between the clouds—the sunshine is perfect, and the sunsets are beyond description. At 5 p.m. golden clouds chase those of crimson, little bits of grey and mauve, tinged with silver, play hide and seek with the setting sun until they are overpowered and are swallowed up in the gold that glitters.

The after-glow is mauve, purple, crimson, yellow and pink, toning down to the softest lavender, and backed by a green sky. Yes, a green sky! In the West, God's fire goes down in its majestic glory, the brilliance that was blinding has turned to blood red, the trees have caught the change and are like copper. We watch, almost breathless, it is all so wonderful.

"See what God can do," said Kalujane, pointing to the sky, and the rest of the family stand spellbound. The light goes out, the curtain drops, we look up again

and the sky is spangled with stars. It is a beauty that is felt.

About five yards from where I am sitting a snake was killed yesterday, and nine others during the last fortnight have met the same fate in front of the bungalow.

Myriads of insects cover the ground, and flies that drop their wings into the soup visit us in hundreds when the lamps are brought in!

A loud "thud—thud" reaches me from the City; it seems to shake the ground, it is the Morhurrum—a Mohammedan festival! Thousands of people are following the decorated car, and Tazia-men are beating themselves sore; women are throwing themselves on the ground and then getting up again—there is a frantic noise, plenty of it, and it is deafening! Long poles (like those that hold the telegraph wires) are carried by men who dance, tiny flags flutter in the hot breeze as they go along.

The tom-tomming was heard all night without a break, and it has continued all day! In a few hours' time the procession will break up, and to-night, when it is dark, the crowds will go to the Palace of the chief of the Mohammedans here, to look at a fire that has burned for three hundred years, and to see men dance on sharpened swords and throw flaming sticks at each other.

It is all in the festival, and part of the tamasha, but think of the weariness of that unceasing noise! Think what it must mean to be kept on the move all those hours!

"Thud—thud—thud!" is the sound in the distance. "Tat-ta-tat-tat—Tat-ta-tat-tat" is drummed on the baja, and into my brain. I wait to listen; a loud roar like the voices in trouble. The tom-tom beats louder, and the roar continues—they are getting frenzied now:

the excitement will increase until the processions are over and the Tazias thrown into water—a wreck and a ruin!

Why all this? Wherefore such enthusiasm? It is the East teaching us what she will do when her heart is won! She will not hide her religion; she will declare it wherever she goes, and she will suffer for it too!

During the hottest time in the year—and we were 117° in the shade here—I know women who neither eat nor drink all through the scorching days—nothing passes their lips between sunrise and sunset!

Why?

Because a fast has been declared, and every orthodox Mohammedan will keep it for forty days.

Think of the suffering when the lips are scorched and the tongue is parched with thirst. Think of weak women, shut up in their zenanas, with nothing to take their attention except a hot "luh" that accentuates the terrible suffering that such a fast must give in the heat of the plains of India. Yet they are willing to do it, for the sake of their religion.

I look at them and admire their devotion, and I pray for them to know Jesus. Think what it will mean to the world when they are allied to Him! They will live for Him, they will suffer for Him, and they will die for Him. They will pour out a wealth of love that is unknown to us and our calculating ways! They will not measure their love, they will not stint their giving; they will give until there is nothing left to give and then throw themselves at His feet to worship and adore.

They understand worship, they know how to adore; their one great need is Jesus, only they do not know it.

Only last week I was talking with a young woman, who was once with them and now has found her heart's

desire. She told me how strictly they kept the fast and how loyally they kept the festivals; she was with them in it all—born in it—bred in it, but she was not satisfied until she opened her heart wide and let the Son of God take possession of her.

"It was as if a big weight that was holding me down had rolled right off, when I came to Him," she said. "It is peace now"—putting her hand on her heart—"I pray in His Name and God our Father hears and answers me." She settled down beside me in absolute contentment.

"My sarees were worn and torn, so I held them out to Him and prayed in 'The Name,' and He gave me new ones. I told Him that I wanted to come to you and He brought me. In the training where I am, they tell us to pray about everything, for that is the blessed way, and we are learning"—she whispered this very softly—"we are learning how to be holy."

PRAYER.

"And being in an agony He prayed.'

Oh for a heart that is burdened,
Infused with a passion to pray.
Oh for a stirring within me,
Oh for His power every day!
Oh for a heart like my Saviour,
Who being in agony prayed.

Such feeling for others, Lord, give me,
Such burden on my heart be laid.
My Father, I long for this passion,
To pour myself out for the lost,
To lay down my life to save others,
To pray whatever the cost.

Lord, teach me, oh teach me, this secret.
I'm hungry this lesson to learn,
This passionate passion for others,
For this, Blessed Jesus, I yearn.
Father, this lesson I want straight from Thee;
Oh let Thy Spirit reveal it to me.

M. W. B.

In the Secret of Thy Presence,
Where there burns the Holy Fire,
Cleansing, purging, burning, burning,
Burning up all base desire;
There I lay my heart and feelings,
There my soul is all laid bare.
By the fire that burneth, burneth—
Cleanse and purify my prayer.

In the Secret of Thy Presence,
There to worship and adore;
There to learn the life of praising,
In with Thee for evermore.
In the Secret of Thy Presence,
In the fold of Thy embrace,
Living, loving, working, praying,
Looking up to see Thy face.

In the Secret of Thy Presence,
In the place of all Thy power,
Let me love Thee, let me serve Thee
Every day and every hour.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XIX.

A Wedding.

"How I wish I had known! I have lived in India for twenty years and have not yet seen one! Do, please, tell me when there is another and ask me to come! But I cannot wait; tell me about that one now," and because I am sure that you also want to see it, you can listen while I tell the Major's wife, as far as I can, how it all happened.

It began by a letter—this is a copy:

Honoured Madam,

I beg to approach you on a certain subject. Having heard that you have in your beneficent care a young girl who is of marriageable age, I bring before your most respectful presence the need of my son, and if you think proper, I should deem it a great honour if you will answer by return. My son is in government service and earning rupees one hundred per mesen. He is a good Christian and dutiful son. Whether you will be agreeable to my request I shall wait to see, and if you are willing that my son and your girl should be joined together in holy matrimony I shall for ever pray for the success and prosperity of your regal self.

Believe me, madam,
Your most respectful
Mrs. Augusta Paul.

Reply sharp.

The following day another letter:

Honoured and revered lady,

I place myself at your mercy. Your kindness has reached far. I am looking for a reply to my letter. I beg of you to study my case; my hopes are high that you will agree. If you will ask respectable people hereabouts of my welfare, you will be informed.

We have a house and fields and three bullocks. I have heard that your girl is of good caste so is suitable for my family. Will you kindly let me know if this is agreeable to you? A favourable answer will oblige.

Your obedient, etc.

I sat back and thought, and I am glad that there is a place where thoughts are heard. It is such a solemn thing to bring two people together, and when it may mean life issues it is overwhelming—or, it would be, if the responsibility were lightly taken or understood. "Heirs together of the grace of life" were the words that rang in my spirit.

"Would it be that?" I almost asked aloud. "Would our Pujarwathe be happy?" I just sat back in the Secret Place of the Most High and waited for His Voice. It came, soft and low, like a cool breeze at evening, and so I had a talk with the child.

At first she seemed bewildered, and so surprised that any one asked for her.

"No, no, no!" she said, "Never!"

But we do not take the first answer as final. I told her to think about it, pray about it, and then give me her answer.

Now Pujarwathe had never seen Augusta Paul, so she did not know what he was like, or if she would care for him. He told me that he had seen her "glorious visage" when he came out of church one Sunday. That was all, but it was enough to make him desire her!

Saturday brought the prospective bridegroom, and he seemed very pleased and expectant as he entered the Bungalow, although there had not been time for an answer to the two letters.

He told me how he was a respectable Christian, and a staunch teetotaller. He told me about his

worldly possessions and then, lifting his hands, he said, "You see, madam, it is all as nothing when I have no wife."

I answered, "Let us pray!" And when we got up from our knees the atmosphere was clear, and I said, "I suppose you would like to see Pujarwathe, and have a talk with her?"

"As you like," he answered.

And so I called her in and left them together. But she was not going to talk to any man, so she stood perfectly silent in the middle of the room. He asked her questions, which she refused to answer, and then, having stood in the room with him for a few minutes, fright seized her and she was gone. I saw her run across the compound, and I went back to him.

"She will not speak to me," he said; "she will not answer my questions, but that is all to the good; it is the custom of our country. I am willing to take her."

And being a woman, I answered, "I will see what *she* says," and then he went away.

A week later he came again, but Pujarwathe refused to see him.

"Are you going to marry him?" I asked.

"Just as you wish," she replied.

And that was all I got from her, but her manner showed that she was willing, and so I left her. Time gave her opportunity to think, and the following week she came shyly to me, saying that she did not want to marry, but as I seemed to wish it, she would go with the man.

I told her that it made no difference to me whether she married or not, except that I wanted her to be happy; he seemed a good man, and a real Christian.

So, when he came again, he simply asked: "Is she willing?"

And I said, "Yes."

No, he did not want to see her to talk over anything, he was quite satisfied. And the date of the betrothal was fixed for the following Friday.

There was great excitement in the family, for this was our first wedding; but the betrothal, which is a public service, is a very solemn affair. About fifty guests were invited, and they all crammed into the Bungalow. When the Padre arrived there was scarcely room for his feet; he had to stand in the doorway!

All the family and the guests were jammed together sitting on the floor, two chairs were put side by side near to the Padre facing the company, and on these sat the two to be betrothed; all eyes rested on them. Augusta Paul looked well pleased to be there, but Pujarwathe was shy and unaccustomed to limelight. She sat with her head down, refusing to look up, and I sat next her to give her courage!

You see, our Pujarwathe was a child-widow, and she had suffered intensely when she was a Hindoo. She bore the scars that pain make, and although her life had been happy in Jesus for about three years, the scars were not effaced—she trembled at the publicity.

The Padre stood, and having read a portion of Scripture relating to marriage, he turned to the two in the chairs. Addressing the man first, he reminded him of the why and wherefore of that meeting, reminding him also of the solemnity of the occasion, and then asked, "Have you anything to give as a sign that you wish to be betrothed to this girl?"

Then the would-be bridegroom stood up and said a few words about himself and his family, and his desire to be united to the girl present. Looking at her, he then handed two parcels to the Padre.

Tense excitement filled the air as he slowly took the

wrappings from the parcel and revealed—a crimson silk saree? No! A piece of flower-sprigged material for a kurta? No! No!

A silk handkerchief and a ring.

The company gasped, and looked at each other in astonishment.

"Did you ever?" their eyes said.

"I never did," their eyes replied.

And feminine pleasure over the beautiful gifts ascended to its full height for all, apparently—except to Pujarwathe. She sat perfectly still, her head was not raised once during the service, and she took the gift as one in a dream.

"Pujarwathe, have you anything to give as a token that you are being betrothed to Augusta Paul?"

Dead silence; all eyes were fixed on her.

"Pujarwathe"—the Padre's voice was very tender and understanding. "Pujarwathe," he repeated, "have you anything to give as a token that you are willing to go with Augusta Paul?"

But she sat there, her head downcast, and refused to answer.

I touched her arm—whispered to her—tried to push her forward to answer, but she was not going to let her voice be heard. After a tense silence, that seemed like hours, and which was probably about sixty seconds, she turned her head away from him, and stretching out her hand she gave the Padre a Bible and a handkerchief that she had brought for that purpose!

The gifts were all held up before the company and given to the man and woman. The Padre reminded them of the solemn promise, and after prayer and he had blessed them, we all went into the garden to enjoy sweets and refreshments.

It was all over; as solemn and as binding as any

marriage ceremony. Yet Pujarwathe had not uttered one word, but she had made her promise by her gift, and so the wedding day was fixed.

We stood outside and counted up the weeks, and then he said it should be the Wednesday after the third Sunday—as soon as possible after the banns were called in Church.

"Monday was not a good day—Tuesday was inauspicious—Wednesday would do; it was the best day and the middle of the week, so that was fixed with the Padre.

Arrangements?

Everybody was eager to help.

Pujarwathe took great interest in the preparation, and she made all her own trousseau.

Augusta Paul came to me to ask what he should send for her wedding dress—the bridegroom provides all the wedding garments, including footwear—and when we had chosen a simple white saree, he went off rather disappointed, for he had thought of gorgeous apparel. But we believe that simplicity is the best, and the bride too was very pleased.

The wedding was fixed for four o'clock in the Hindustani Church, but, as he spoke English, and had been to France, he wanted to have a reception like those of the West, and it was to be in our compound!

He said that he wanted "only to ask a few friends," that was all. They were to have tea and cake—a real bride's cake with white sugar—and then he would take his bride home to his village, and they would have a great feast.

I took him at his word, and said we would gladly have the reception here, as he only wanted to ask a "few" friends, and so we went forward.

The night before the wedding the garments for the bride arrived, all pure and white, as simple and as

elegant as any wedding garments could be. When Pujarwathe was arrayed in them she looked all a bride can look on that great day. A wreath of tuberoses held her saree in position, an armful of flowers hid all her nervousness. Zorah and Stuttie, little three-year-olds, wore soft pink sarees and rosebuds, and walked each side of her; then we started for Church.

We arrived exactly at the hour fixed; the Church was crowded. We were just about to enter—I saw some people coming up the path.

"He has not arrived yet," they said, and I sank back in the "Ford" with the bride.

"Shall we run away?" I said to her, jokingly. She shook her head—"not willing"—but we drove off to view the landscape o'er while we waited for the bridegroom, and the strange thing to me was that no one seemed to mind or think it strange that the bridegroom was late.

East *is* East, and it is futile to try to hurry it up. It cannot be done. The only result to be attained is irritability and impatience increased. So we just wait and learn patience, and enjoy our drive.

When we got back to the Church all was in order. The bridegroom, resplendent in a white silk suit, was waiting for us as we walked up the Church.

There are many ways of going to a wedding, and the Indian seems to know them all. Outside the Church was a medley of vehicles—a motor car, a number of tongas, tikke garies, ekkes and bullock-carts—and when the service was over and we started back to the compound, it was a wonderful procession! But I never dreamt they were all coming to us. Yet, in less than an hour, over two hundred people arrived, and were clearing away all the cakes and sweets we had prepared for our family, and the "few" guests. While the children looked on in polite silence, I whispered to

one, and it was carried round—"You shall have yours to-morrow"—and they were quite content.

Augusta Paul had his reception—the guests brought their invitation-cards. I had one thrust into my hand:

MRS. AUGUSTA PAUL
requests the pleasure of
Mr. & Mrs. Din Dayel
on the occasion of her son's marriage to Pujarwathe Singh.
Reception in the Dawson Bungalow and Compound.
Date.....hour..... Tea and Refreshments.

Did you ever have someone invite over two hundred guests to partake of your provisions in your home and garden? And do it all in their own name too? It was a novel experience for us, but what could we do—but smile?

There is no twilight here, it is light and dark—either one or the other!

The light disappeared suddenly, and the guests hurried off.

Augusta Paul came to me.

"May I take her home?" he asked, and then he called for his garie.

In the meantime, she, knowing this would be, had been in her room preparing for the going, and when I called her she dragged herself along.

The family crowded round the conveyance, all eager to see the last of her, but she just sobbed out her woe.

"Tell her that I will be kind to her," he said to me.

And when I had assured her, she took her seat and I beckoned him to sit beside her. His relations, seeing there was room, jumped in and filled up, and they drove off.

The last I heard of the bride was a loud wail and a big sob as the garie took them off to their village home.

Now, that does not mean that she is unhappily married. She wanted to tell us that she loved us, and

that was her way—she would not hurt us by appearing to be glad to get away, so she howled out her love, and went gladly with her husband to his home, and like the stories of olden times, they lived happy ever afterwards.

She comes back and brings her bonny babies to be loved and admired, and she thinks that she is about the happiest woman in India.

And that is the story of her wedding.

"Tarry . . . until ye be endued with power from on high."
"Thou hast led captivity captive."
"Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost."

Look, dear Lord, fast chained to Thee,
Captive Thou hast made of me.
Low I lay me in the dust,
Waiting for Thy Pentecost.
Waiting, waiting, waiting still;
Wilt Thou not Thy Word fulfil?

Nothing can I bring to Thee,
Nothing fit Thine own to be:
All undone, too numb for tears;
Oh, Thyself allay my fears!
Waiting, waiting, waiting still;
Wilt Thou not Thy Word fulfil?

All my heart to Thee I bring,
All I have, yes, everything.
In captivity I lie,
Holy Spirit, pass not by.
Jesus! Jesus! look on me!
All my soul cries out to Thee.

If my sin hath hindered Thee
Hearing prayer and answering me,
Lord, Thy blood, Thy blood I plead,
That for me doth intercede.
All unworthy in the dust,
Lord, forgive, forgive Thou must.
Jesus, do not pass me by,
Oh, baptize me, or I die!

Perfect stillness reigned around
As I lay on holy ground.
Then my soul was also stilled,
While He all my being filled.
God, who heard my heart's deep prayer,
Suddenly baptized me there.

M. W. B.

CHAPTER XX.

Pentecost.

If one could only convey the spirit of the place and let you feel its life! But words are inadequate, language fails me. I can but pray that He to Whom all hearts are known may speak to yours from ours, as we try to tell you something of what He has done and become to us here. You will join with us as we say to you, "O, come let us adore Him—our Blessed Lord and Saviour—O, come let us adore Him, Jesus Christ our Lord."

How we have prayed for a Revival—we did not care whether it was old-fashioned or not—what we asked for was that it should be such that would cleanse and revive His children and set them on fire to win others.

We were very conscious of our need of a real Pentecost here. We knew that nothing but the fire of the Holy Spirit could burn up the dross in us. We had with us a family of women, who had left all to follow the Lamb. The following had meant real suffering and persecution, to say nothing of the loneliness that sometimes swept over them. But some found it very difficult to believe that there could be a victorious life for anyone and everyone, if only they were filled with the Holy Spirit.

Over and over again we talked of Pentecost before and after for the first disciples, and we saw the

difference. I believe we all wanted to be changed. I think those who were born Mohammedans found it most difficult to understand the need of cleansing—it is always difficult for a Mohammedan to bend low to learn, because the need is not felt—pride hinders, inbred sin stumbles them. They want to go forward, but until the Cross has done its work in their lives there is no progress. And how can any Christian, no matter what she is born, know anything of power when there is not absolute surrender to the Holy Ghost, and He has not only come upon and baptized her, but has also filled her with Himself? It is the Living, Giving Spirit Who makes all the difference, but He never comes unasked.

There was with us one who was born a Mohammedan and had left all for the sake of the Name. She was born again, but had no victory in her life. She was educated, she read and spoke three languages fluently, it was fairly easy to teach her, yet, when we had read through the Gospels and were well into chapter two of the Acts of the Apostles, I stopped to say, "This is for you, Sultana," she nodded her head, as if she accepted what I said as true.

I repeated, "This is for you *now*, Sultana, you need not wait for years to get this blessing—you can have it now."

She looked at me incredulously, and I repeated what I had said, "Sultana, this is for you now—you may have this *now*—just now." Her surprise was great, and because it was such a wonderful surprise to her she knelt there and asked for that of which she was reading, and in simple faith accepted, and life was really changed for her.

She gave up sighing for things of the past.

She was made glad in the Lord, and He became a Living Bright Reality to her. The coming of the

Holy Ghost transformed her, and she began to think of others. She asked to be trained to earn her own living, and for some years she has been independent. She returned to us only last Sunday, just to see us, and then go on with her work of nursing and caring for the sick. She pressed ten rupees into my hand as she went off, saying, "It is for the family to have a treat," and we rejoiced that we have had the joy of her, because she has joined the army of women who love to serve and are giving their lives to help others.

What I want to tell you about began about October. A big hunger for God gripped the children, and they started prayer meetings and Bible reading among themselves.

There is a quiet time all over India when the sun is at its height in the middle of the day; everyone who possibly can takes that time for rest, and we and our family fall into line here. School lessons are over, the children have their meal at 12 o'clock, and then instead of their usual playing time, some of them formed together in one of the rooms in the Nursery and Bibles were produced. They read and talked among themselves, and just at that time an Indian friend came to stay with them. She joined them in their daily Bible searching, and they started a prayer-meeting. Nothing was to interfere with the work or the usual routine. They chose the evening when all the work was over, for their time for prayer, so that they could go on unhindered.

I heard of this from one of the children. "We are seeking God," she said, and again I prayed, "Lord, send a Revival and begin in me!"

The meetings for Bible reading and prayer continued for weeks. Girls who had seemed indifferent to the call to surrender their wills were solemnized and drawn into the circle. God was speaking to them.

One after another gave their hearts to the Lord and began to live for Him.

The children hurried over their work to have more time for their meetings, and the eagerness with which they sought the way of life, "the best life," they called it, put to shame any ordinary living. One after another of the convert women was drawn in, and they spent hours in prayer. Then, one day, little Anarkali came to me asking for forgiveness for things she had done; we knelt together for her to confess to the Lord, and she sobbed out her heart before Him.

Days went by, one after another came to tell of guilt on their consciences, and there was no peace until it was confessed and washed away in the Blood of the Lamb. The careless, and hitherto indifferent ones were arrested. They had to think, for God was working in their midst; they saw the changed lives, songs of praise and prayers of penitence intermingled night by night; they were pressing on to something, or somewhere—What?

There was nothing European about this thing, whatever it was, for only our dear family of Indians were in it. We heard them singing, and we felt the stillness, but they seemed bent on seeking for themselves, and I prayed on for a Revival.

Then one night, about 9 p.m., the singing had grown louder and louder and sounded unusual. I went into the garden to listen. Never have I heard such singing. The words reached me—

> "Glory to the Lamb—
> Glory, glory to the Lamb—"

I stood there under the stars—

> "Unto Him who hath loved us
> And loosed us from sin,
> To Him be the glory, for ever—Amen."

I knew the words quite well. I had heard them sung by a crowd of converted people in the East End of London years ago, but never had I heard anything that so lifted me and carried me into the very Presence of God.

What could I say or do? I just knelt there under the stars, and prayed that Satan might have no chance here, and that the family might only be carried away in God, and then I went down into the Nursery.

The room, that held women and girls, was packed to its utmost limit; the door was open—all were on their knees—some with hands uplifted praising God, others with tears streaming down their faces, crying for forgiveness and pleading for the Blood of Jesus to cleanse away their sin. I have never seen anything like it.

I stood at the door transfixed; my eyes went over the girls and women, who were oblivious of me—it is all too sacred to write down. I just knelt and prayed for the precious Blood of Jesus to be sprinkled upon the atmosphere, and I told Him that I trusted Him to lead them Himself, and I left them.

But I was troubled. Supposing it is all excitement, as some people say—yet I dared do nothing to stop it. Supposing, "Lord, if it is of Thee," I said, "I accept it, but I am afraid of only excitement; if it is that and the devil is in it, I refuse it in the Name of Jesus!"

All night long I prayed and held the Name of Jesus before the Father, and pleaded the Blood of the Lamb in all its power for all of us—and He came to me.

"If this is of Thee, Lord, please send two converts very soon that I may know," I asked of Him.

And early on Saturday morning two came—then two children before 10 o'clock—and I knew that what I had seen and felt was of God.

The family filled every moment possible with

prayer and praise, and that day the fire fell; like the last sob of the wind the noise died away, and a great stillness came over the compound. We were conscious of being in the Presence of a Holy God.

The change was tremendous; shy, retiring converts were transformed; they wanted to go out and witness for Jesus—girls who had never had a chance to learn straightforward ways before they came here, suddenly wanted to have everything open and above-board. A little girl of not more than ten summers came to me with all her soul in her words, saying, "Mamajee, I don't know what to do—I want the Holy Spirit—I cannot sleep—I want Him so much," and we turned to the Book to see what the Lord said, and in singleness of heart she opened her being to Him and He answered her cry and transformed her. She knows that He came to her that day, and she has found out, too, that she needs to be filled daily.

That time was Pentecost for a good many here. Their lives were changed—they were released from their bondage and made free to serve the Lord.

Gladness shone in their eyes, love filled their hearts, and from then till now they have just gone on with God. He has verified His Word to them, for they received power after the Holy Ghost came upon them.

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